

The

Saturday Review

No. 3298. Vol. 127. 11 January, 1919.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

It would be a piquant event if the Entente forces were to co-operate with German troops in putting down Bolshevism in Berlin. And yet it may be the wisest, indeed the only course to pursue. There is no possible comparison between Germany and Russia, where ninety per cent. of the inhabitants can neither read nor write, and are steeped in superstition. The vast majority of the German nation must be on the side of law and order, and all the adult males have some military training. It ought to be possible to co-operate with the law-abiding and sane majority of Germans in establishing a responsible Government for the German Confederation. Unless this is done, the Conference at Versailles will be wasting time.

The Montenegrins are starving. Their land, which never contained much more than timber and stones, was devastated by the Austrian invaders. Benevolent British and Americans subscribed money for re-vegetating, but so soon as the work began, the French authorities persuaded our Permit Office to refuse visas to the re-vegetators, and relief is accordingly at a standstill. Meanwhile the Jugo-Slav or Serbian cabal has gathered together a few pundits at Agram and pronounced the annexation of Croatia, Slovenia and Montenegro. The Press of Europe obediently swallows the fable, though it has not been ascertained whether those countries desire to be absorbed by Serbia or subjected to her laws. Their Parliaments have not yet been summoned to decide; for the very good reason that most of their soldiers are not yet home from prison camps. Questioned about this injustice, the Foreign Office replied with brutal frankness, "We agree that Montenegro is being treated unjustly; she has our sympathy, but we are not prepared to quarrel with France for the sake of Montenegro." Can the explanation be that French financiers are floating a big loan for "greater Serbia"?

Certain papers are screaming against the idea of sending troops to save Russia from Bolshevism, their argument being that the world has had enough of warfare and will tolerate no more. "Let Russia stew in her own juice," they say in effect; but that juice is so deadly a poison that the world must take no risks of infection. The only result of leaving Russia alone will be that Germany will organise and control her, setting up a strong new Russo-Hun state capable of

recommencing another great war in a couple of years. It was stated this week that a third of the Bolshevik armies had been destroyed by the Siberian army. That, however, would still leave armies amounting to 800,000 men, including 300,000 disciplined German mercenaries. They are lavishly paid in paper roubles, accepted as currency in Russia, although about £1,400 worth have been issued per head of the immense Russian population, but as worthless as French assignats abroad. The natural and fluid wealth of Russia remains enormous and her debt is smaller than that of Germany, apart from any question of indemnities. Reorganisation is therefore still possible if only Bolshevism can be crushed.

But every day that Bolshevism survives, it becomes a greater menace to civilisation. When it first secured power, a palace was seized in Moscow and a school of propaganda was established. Indians, Afghans, Japanese, Chinese, indeed, people of almost every nation and language were elaborately taught the principles of lunatic-asylum-communism, and now they have been sent out, two and two, like missionaries, to instil their gospel of murder and plunder in every land. Already they have had some success in Sweden, Spain, Japan, and even Germany; they may require careful watching in India and Egypt.

The military nucleus of Bolshevism was found in reservist soldiers at Petrograd who had never seen any fighting. A normal regiment consisted of 4,000 men at the front and 24,000 men in barracks. As the men at the front were killed off, the reservists took their places and were killed in their turn. The Bolsheviks came to them and asked whether it was reasonable to go to certain death for a quarrel in which they took no interest. The answer was in the negative. Then they were told that all manufacturers, bankers, tradesmen and other capitalists, especially military purveyors, had made all their money by thieving. It was accordingly reasonable to take away their ill-gotten gains, and the consequence was wholesale pillage and murder. Prince Lvoff suggests that, if the Allies will not intervene openly, at least they should allow demobilised soldiers to volunteer for the restoration of order and receive the high wages which they may easily need before long.

Mr. Lloyd George has never been quite happy in his relations with the Press. His subservience to the powers of Fleet Street has always been too abject; and

his use of their columns has frequently been indiscreet. Already we hear the swish of the big stick, and are being arrogantly told by the Georgian editors that if we dare to murmur over the eating of the leek "the country" (dread word) will want to know the reason why. "Flu. : Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by. Pist. : Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat." There may be a little too much of this Fluellen business, for the Tory party, suffering from a repletion of leek, would be more dangerous than Pistol. We endeavoured to show last week that the Coalition majority was due to a confluence of causes. It would be almost as accurate to call it the "Hang the Kaiser" election, as the "Love Lloyd George" election.

As there were ninety members of the late Government, No. 10, Downing Street, will be snowed under with resignations. The huge number was of course due to the multiplied exigencies of the war : and no doubt the new Government will be reduced to sixty or less, and presumably the Cabinet will shrink to its former dimensions of between 12 and 20. We read in the *Daily Chronicle*, which we take to be the peculiar organ of the Prime Minister, that Ministers, who are asked to continue in their former offices, or who are shifted from one office to another, will not require to be re-elected, and that it is only those who accept an office of profit for the first time who will have to reappear before their constituents. This strikes us as very doubtful constitutional doctrine. The statute of Anne was intended to give the electors the opportunity of rejecting or ratifying the Crown appointments. How can a Minister who was re-elected by the old constituency in the old Parliament be said to be approved by the new electors?

Everybody knows now that the so-called "hitch" in the departure of the Guards was caused by what was little less than a mutiny at Folkestone. Several thousand men, home on leave and under orders to rejoin their regiments abroad, refused to embark. Representatives from the War Office and the Labour Ministry were hastily despatched to bring back delegates from the mutineers to London to talk matters over, while the rest were embarked under a guard. This serious and unpleasant situation is due to the obstinacy and formalism of the War Office. Men on leave were ordered to embark for Egypt and Mesopotamia in order that they might be demobilised by the C.O. according to due form, and sent back to "blighty." A professional army may stand this red-tape nonsense; a civilian army won't.

The Folkestone story was repeated at Shoreham, at Osterley, at Shortlands, and apparently at Sheffield. "Slip" and "pivotal" men, that is men with posts awaiting them, will not stand being sent abroad in order to report themselves to their C.O., to be demobilised "from their unit," and finally to be sent back again. Fancy the waste of money as well as of time! The Army Service Corps is particularly dissatisfied, perhaps because the men feel that their work is in reality civilian. We know a case of a man in the Army Service Corps, who is manager of a group of companies in the City at a big salary, and whose C.O. declines to release him, because no doubt he is useful. Very likely he is : but the war is over, and the State has no right to use for a second lieutenant's pay a highly skilled civilian to cast up A.S.C. accounts.

It is, of course, impossible that soldiers should be allowed, of their own sweet will and proper motion, to convert leave into demobilisation. The new order, which directs that men now on leave must return to their units, and that in future men in France will not be granted leave except on the express understanding that they are to return, is necessary, if any discipline is to be maintained. But the trouble would never have arisen if the Commanding Officers had released slip and pivotal men in obedience to the recommendations of the Labour Supply Department. The stamping of

forms by the Labour Exchanges has caused some irritation; but it is one of those details of a vast and complicated machinery which, we fear, are unavoidable.

A correspondent, who withholds his signature but is known to us as a responsible and well-informed person, writes to say that the Foreign Office sent the order to the British Fleet not to return to the Dardanelles on the 19th March, 1915. We do not know whether this means that the order was transmitted through the Foreign Office as an instrument, or that the Foreign Office was responsible for the order. It is very important that the public should know whether Mr. Balfour or Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Asquith, or Lord Fisher, or the Cabinet, was responsible for this cowardly blunder. Lord Fisher had stated (so Mr. Morgenthau says) that the cost of forcing the Dardanelles might be twelve ships. Three ships only had been lost in the bombardment of the 18th March, and apparently for fear of losing another three or four ships, the greatest chance of the war was missed. It is now beyond dispute, on German testimony, that had the fleet returned on the 19th the forts would have been silenced in a couple of hours, and Constantinople would have been in our possession in twenty-four hours.

No one seems to know whether Mr. Churchill was authorised by the Prime Minister or the Cabinet to announce the nationalisation of railways. Probably not for Mr. Churchill is about the most reckless man in public life, and, as it seems to pay, why should he not be? Nor does anyone know what is meant by nationalisation. There are three possible methods of nationalisation: 1, the State may own without operating the railways; 2, the State may operate without owning the railways; 3, the State may neither own nor operate the railways, but may appoint a certain number of State officials to sit on the existing railway boards, in order to guide and control their general policy. As involving the minimum of State interference, we prefer the third policy.

To the ordinary mind (if intelligent) it appears impossible to separate ownership and direction. He who owns must in the long run direct: the large shareholders, or the majority, can always, if they take the trouble, nominate the board and dictate its policy. On the other hand, it is intolerable that one should direct who does not own. For the Government to tell the directors how the railways must be run without being responsible for the financial results would be unreasonable, and ruinous to the shareholders. That the management of the goods traffic on the railways requires improvement is admitted; and a movement has been started by the Federation of British Industries, the Association of Chambers of Commerce, and other bodies, to reform and extend the powers of the Railway and Canal Commission and vest them in a new Board of Control. A Bill has been prepared, and will be introduced in the new Parliament.

This Board of Control will deal with rates, facilities, and running powers and undue preference and transport of goods generally. This is a subject which Sir Eric Geddes thoroughly understands, and might be appointed Chairman with a good salary as the representative of the State. Is it necessary to go any further? Many railway directors are dummies, but are they more so than the political hacks, who put themselves into Government appointments? Apart from the objection to issuing another twelve or fifteen hundred million of Government guaranteed stock in the present state of indebtedness, State management would become an engine of wholesale corruption. And if competition between the lines is exchanged for nationalisation, good-bye to comfort or even decency for the first-class traveller. The first step, probably, would be to abolish the first-class. In a country fit for heroes, first-class is an outrage.

The question of the International Mercantile Marine Company is a very serious and difficult one. So

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years ago the late Mr. J. P. Morgan bought the stock of several British shipping lines, of which the principal was the White Star Line, and formed the company. It was agreed that the registry, the management, and consequently the flag, should remain British, from which we infer that a minority holding of the stock—some holding, at all events—remained in British hands. The financial control of the company, of which the British ships formed the main asset, was, it was understood and agreed, to remain in the hands of the Americans. The British shipowners are now desirous of buying back the stock from the Americans, so that finance and management should be in the same hands.

It is not clear whether the Messrs. Morgan and the American stockholders are willing to sell back the stock to us. But it is quite certain that the American government is not willing that the stock should be retransferred to British hands. The United States Shipping Board, the Government Board, has proposed to buy the stock from the American shareholders and to convert the International Mercantile Marine Company into a national mercantile fleet. As we have pointed out with regard to the railways in this country, it is impossible in business to separate management from financial control, for in business, as in politics, finance depends on policy. We think that the stock in the International Mercantile Marine Company should be resold to the British shipowners: had our Government been alert, the original sale would never have been allowed. But on no account should the United States Shipping Board be allowed to acquire the stock.

The sudden death at the age of 61 of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt deprives the Republican party in America of its greatest leader and President Wilson of his most formidable opponent. The late Mr. Roosevelt, whose name imports, was descended from an old Dutch or Knickerbocker family in the United States, and this pedigree, combined with a taste for roughing, big game shooting, and the driving of a four-in-hand, made him what we used to call in this country a gentleman, a person who very rarely strays into American politics. This social prestige, added to a very pugnacious character, enabled him to beat the "bosses" and get elected President. He was the most incessant talker ever known. A colonial governor, with whom he stayed in Africa, told us that Roosevelt talked for five hours on end, and was really interesting all the time—so his Excellency said!

In answer to the complaints of Dictatorship made against President Wilson by Senator Lodge and the Republican Press, Senator Lewis, the Democrat, makes the funniest apology. It appears that Mr. Wilson will attend the Peace Conference at Versailles, in Paris, not as the head or Sovereign of the United States, still less as the leader of the Democratic party, but as the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, and he is not responsible to any mere civilian body like the Senate. The Apostle of the League of Nations, and the gospel of peace on earth and goodwill amongst men, is the Commander-in-Chief of a large army! We are sure that Mr. Wilson never possessed a uniform in his life, and we never heard of a Commander-in-Chief without a uniform. Senator Lewis pushes the doctrine of presidential irresponsibility to the edge of the ridiculous. Mr. Wilson may well pray to be saved from those friends who represent him as a military commander.

Mr. Gompers is a more powerful man in the United States than President Wilson, for he is not harnessed either political party, but is King of Labour, which is stronger in America than in Britain, because the American middle class is weaker than the British. In our old society like ours the middle class is to some extent protected by the upper and upper middle classes. The United States millionaires and proletariat stand face to face. Whilst President Wilson is preaching the League of Nations and universal peace and fraternity

in Europe, Mr. Gompers is beginning a class war in the United States. Mr. Gompers declares that compulsory arbitration (one of the canons of the League of Nations) is "slavery," and warns all and sundry that the working men will keep the advantages they have secured in the war. This means that wages and consequently prices are to remain as they are.

When an all-powerful labour leader condemns compulsory arbitration as "slavery," it excites a feeling of despair. An American business man of standing writes that if this pronouncement means that labourers are going to insist on the same pay for the same hours that have been conceded during the war, "a calamity must soon follow." Obviously it must, and how the American employers will settle matters we don't know. Here an attempt is being made to replace compulsory arbitration by the Whitley Councils and Divisional Councils, the latter being the latest device of the Labour Ministry. We hope it may succeed, and it will, if brains and industry are reinforced by courage. There is a great deal of real ability and experience at work in the Labour Supply Department at Whitehall, but the "red-hats" must not be allowed to strangle the civilian authority.

We remember that the 1906 election was won by the cry of "Chinese labour," the Liberals having actually employed persons to go amongst the villages pretending to hire lodgings for poor Pigtail. As soon as the votes had been gathered in, John Chinaman was admitted to be a myth. Now that the "Hang-the-Kaiser" election is over, would it not be safe to import some real Chinamen (who have, by the bye, cut off their pigtails), in order to wash our clothes? The "dobi" is an excellent washerman and ironer, and we see no other method of bringing "the splendid women" to reason. Chinamen are also very good cooks and housemaids. The splendid women will, of course, neither cook nor wash as long as they can get 24s. a week for doing nothing. "The ghost of a linen decency still haunts us"; and we beg Mr. Roberts, who had such a thumping majority, to consider the case of the unwashed.

Lord Michelham was one of those millionaires who became so by a class of business which, presumably, will no longer be possible in London. The great house of Stern Brothers were agiotage brokers, or dealers in foreign currencies, buying money where it is cheap and selling it where it is dear. It is a branch of business which requires the brain of a Ricardo, and the training of a Senior Wrangler, and for that reason is almost a speciality of the subtle Jewish race. This international finance can only be carried on by houses with foreign connexions, and as the anti-foreigner fury is likely to last during the present generation, the foreign banker will disappear. Lord Michelham gave away large sums in charity; but to describe him as a sporting character is laughable. He spent a great deal of money on his racing establishments, but he probably, like Johnson, didn't know the pastern from the knee of a horse.

A house-agent, discussing with a *Times* man, the letting of big houses and the domestic problem, declared that there would be no difficulty in getting servants if the employers (new term for masters or mistresses) would recognise the fact that cooks, housemaids, and parlourmaids are "ladies," requiring pay and accommodation suitable to their degree. Tennyson lamented, many years ago, that the grand old word gentleman had been "soiled by all ignoble use." Has not the name "lady" suffered even worse usage at the hands of democracy? It seems to us that any female who suffers under the disadvantages of birth or education, should insist on being called "a woman." With regard to the big houses in Mayfair, for which it is impossible now to get servants, why should they not be made into flats? The houses in Grosvenor Place, for instance, would make admirable flats. The large houses in Lancaster Gate have many of them been turned into flats or private hotels.

THE C.O. AND THE CABINET.

ARE the Commanding Officers to be allowed to upset the whole scheme of demobilisation thought out by the Supply Department of the Ministry of Labour? That scheme is not perfect: how can it be, seeing that the policy itself and the machinery for its execution have perforce been muddled up at the last minute? The haste with which the policy has been framed, and the hurried formation of a new sub-department of the Ministry of Labour, are certainly not due to the Commanding Officers: they are the fault of the Cabinet, and primarily of the Prime Minister. It was put to the Cabinet by the Ministry of Munitions, or the Labour Ministry, or both, as long ago as last August that some demobilisation policy should be settled, and communicated to the C.O.'s abroad. But no: the Cabinet would have none of it: the war was going on for some time: and the bare thought of demobilisation would unsettle the military mind. Then came the Armistice suddenly on the 11th of November. Surely that was the moment when a definite demobilisation policy should have been settled by the Cabinet. But no, again: the Prime Minister and his colleagues were preparing for the General Election. Lists of candidates were being drawn up, and manifestoes concocted, and speeches prepared. So demobilisation was again put by, and so matters drifted and drifted till towards the end of December, when the elections were over, but President Wilson had to be received, the terms of peace discussed, and a new Cabinet sketched and re-sketched. Still demobilisation was put by, until at the last moment, in a spasm of energy, Dr. Addison and General Smuts were told to frame a policy and provide machinery. Is it any wonder that demobilisation is a glorious muddle? How can any country be governed by drifting? We are surprised that the muddle is not worse.

The reason why the policy of releasing "slip" and "pivotal" men has broken down, and, but for the good humour of the soldiers, would have caused a mutiny, is that the Labour Ministry has no power of making the C.O.'s obey its recommendations. The employer applies on the inevitable form for the release of a "slip" or "pivotal" man. The application is forwarded to the War Office, where it falls into the hands of General Burnett-Hitchcock, who forwards it to the C.O. of the unit to which the man belongs. Whether the C.O. releases the man depends entirely on the C.O., his temper, knowledge of the world, and perhaps his military situation. As a rule the C.O. declines to release a good or useful man, particularly in the Army Service Corps, where the work is civilian. There are hundreds of chartered accountants, managing clerks, stockbrokers, and lawyers who are being kept by the C.O. in the Army Service Corps because they are "useful" as cashiers, bookkeepers, correspondents, or salesmen. Sometimes the C.O. will refuse to release a man because for military reasons he cannot, or will not, weaken his unit. General Burnett-Hitchcock, and the Demobilisation Department are helpless: they cannot oblige the C.O. to release men. What can issue from such a system, or want of system, but confusion and discontent?

Between the Labour Ministry and the War Office a figure must be agreed. There are now six million men under arms: what margin does the War Office want for the possible exigencies of the European situation? It cannot be more than a million men, allowing for an army of occupation and for a possible Russian expedition. That leaves some five million men to be demobilised. We do not for a moment suggest that they should all be demobilised at once. But there must be no more nonsense about the slip and pivotal men. They are clamouring for miners in South Wales: in the City many companies are calling loudly for their secretaries and managers. The C.O. must not be allowed to bar the way. An Order in Council must be at once obtained—it is impossible to wait for an Act of Parliament—which will give the Demobilisation Department of the Labour Ministry and the War Office the neces-

sary powers to carry out their policy. The C.O. must be made to release the men whose forms reach him from the Labour Ministry through the War Office, at once without boggling or haggling or looking round to consider the utility to himself of the man demanded. With regard to men home on leave from stations abroad like Egypt or Mesopotamia or Salonika, special arrangements have been made. Men cannot be allowed of their own will to convert leave into release: but the telegraph is to be used to accommodate matters, and to expedite, perhaps, some of the delays of official correspondence.

We trust we have made clear our strong opinion that the blame for this muddle does not rest on the War Office, or the Demobilisation Department of the Labour Ministry. As things stand, the Labour Ministry and the War Office are links between the Cabinet and the Commanding Officers. It is for the Cabinet to command, and for the Commanding Officers to obey: success or failure rests with those two. But the real blame for the muddle lies at the door of the Cabinet, which refused to consider a definite policy in the summer, and has allowed matters to drift. Apparently the Cabinet will or can do nothing except under the direction of the Prime Minister, who, in his turn, will or can do nothing that involves sitting down quietly in a room to read papers or discuss details. Mr. Lloyd George has, like other men, the defects of his qualities. He has great driving power; but he is not a man of detail. Perhaps it is too much to expect that Mr. Lloyd George should think out a policy of demobilisation. But Lord Milner, why has he not done so? Might not Lord Curzon spare a little time from the erection of Venetian masts and the ordering of carriages to the trifling task of demobilising a citizen army? We protest against abuse of the War Office and the Labour Ministry, when all the time the culprits are the members of the War Cabinet.

BACK TO THE HOME.

"THE last thing," Meredith observed at the beginning of 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' "which man will civilize is woman." At the risk of suffering the fate of Orpheus ("so were we equalled with him in renown"), we venture to suggest that our war experience of women supports this trenchant aphorism.

Some women during the war have been content to remain wives, mothers, sisters and even domestic servants. These we may respectfully pass by, observing only that the beautiful sacrifices which they have made have at the root a deep barbaric sincerity. Happily they have remained in the majority. The minority, however, has been large and not overburdened with modesty, and hugely advertised in the popular world of photographs and paragraphs. Let us, therefore, consider them as they hover between two worlds, "one dead, one powerless to be born."

The women of the country shared the great moral uplift of the early days of the war. At first they gave ungrudgingly their own husbands, sons and brothers to the slaughter. The first sign of disintegration appeared when, with a flourish of a white feather, they proceeded equally ungrudgingly to give other people's relations to destruction. It was from that time that the woman who minded everybody's business but her own became a public figure, duly pictured in the Press as "Mrs. —, unwearied in war-work."

And the Mrs. Blank type was unwearied. She began by coquetting with death as a recruiter, and continued her alliance by pursuing him on the stricken field as a volunteer nurse. We must not be supposed to be detracting from the magnificent work of women in the Red Cross if we remember the rush of the Smart Set to base hospitals. They helped, before an unsympathetic Army administration returned them home, to revive the old South African joke of the soldier putting a notice over his bed, "I am really ill to-day. Please don't nurse me."

They returned unabashed from these exploits to conquer other fields. They learned to their surprise that

the supply of gun ammunition was insufficient. They demanded accordingly that the woman-power of the country should be conscripted in order to remedy the shortage. They formed clubs for women prepared to work in munitions, and with a fine gesture put off the old woman and assumed (with their overalls) the new man. Here again they were unsympathetically treated. (We should add in parenthesis that the genuine war worker will be dealt with later.) The Press, it is true, gave them a well-merited publicity. The managers of the factories were less enthusiastic for workers who, when they were not spoiling material, were criticizing the management. Nor were they, as is popularly supposed, the darlings of the regular female munition worker. Ladies might be all right in their way, but they were all wrong when they got in the way of the ordinary operative. So the second phase speedily terminated.

They next paid their attention to Whitehall. If help was required in the Public Offices, whether to make tea or to distract the leisure of the war-weary official, they would not be wanting. Daintiness invaded the sombre grey buildings, and if files of urgent importance were mislaid under copies of the *Tatler* and the *Bystander*, at least they could claim that the loss of official papers was in the best tradition of the public service. But ultimately they were driven even from this fastness by cold investigators appointed by the Lords Commissioners of H.M. Treasury. Women were cruelly introduced with a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting. The telephone began to be used for the purpose of concluding official rather than luncheon and dinner appointments. Their place knew them no more.

But the woman "unwearied in war-work" was not to be lightly defeated. There remained Charity on the one hand and malice on the other. They turned their attention to these objects. Flying from the glorious environment where

"The Junior Mess
took on the female staff at Chess
and beat them 'mid delirious scenes
by thirteen Queens,

they became involved in Charity matinées, bazaars, balls and, above all, flag-days. It is one of the compensations of charity that it produces so much innocent amusement for its distributors. Dancing was properly abhorred, but to dance in aid of comforts for Czech-Slavs torpedoed in Switzerland was a sacred duty, from which these devoted women did not flinch. Nor did they hesitate to flood the streets in appropriate costumes on fine days, and the theatres and hotels on wet days with flags and flag-sellers. If their activities often yielded little financial result to the object of their effort, at any rate the charitable had not failed to add to their newspaper reputations.

But even charity failed before the delights of malice. Champions of the sex, hitherto unaccustomed to public speaking, and, indeed, as would appear from their utterances, to private thinking, allied themselves to every crusade against the defenceless. Lord Haldane, Dean Inge, Lord Jellicoe and paralytic enemy aliens with two sons (one killed) in the Army were relentlessly attacked by these custodians of the public honour. They did not desert Mr. Pemberton Billing in that hour when single-handed he exposed corruption in a manner which did equal credit to his knowledge of the subject and to his political sagacity. Nor were they wanting when Mr. Bottomley demanded that everybody who had ever done anything whatever (except, presumably, made money by methods which their exponent describes as business) should be forthwith shunted. Nothing was too high for them to pull down or too low to pull up for the purpose of exposition. And the odd thing is that the electors, unmindful of their gigantic services, have not returned a single one to Parliament.

Nor can we uncritically share the public, or, at any rate, the Press, enthusiasm for the working women who took the place in industry of the men who had gone to fight. Let us admit at once that without them the war would not have been won. Let us further admit that large numbers of them, with supreme endurance, worked long hours on hopelessly monotonous

processes, while others fearlessly exposed themselves to the dangers of the explosive factory and the horrors of T.N.T. poisoning. These do not ask for reward. They worked for their country, and they are safe in their country's heart.

The splendid performance of so many must not, however, blind us to the extraordinary results that emancipation has had on vast masses. Let there be no doubt about it: a large part of the female population of the country have had the time of their lives. That time has, we fear, not altogether tended to improve them. They have learnt the joys of freedom, of considerable wages, of swaggering about in every kind of uniform, and, above all, of the advantages of the factory over the home life. Are they going back to be wives and mothers now the men are coming home?

This is one of the most serious questions, if not the most serious, facing the country at the moment. Huge numbers of women left home life, domestic service and women's occupations for men's work. It is true, alas! that the war has created terrible gaps which the women may have to fill. But even when the gaps are filled, or partly filled, an enormous number will remain. Their duty to-day is as plain as it was when the country called them to war activity. They must return, those who cannot be absorbed in the place of men who have fallen or by new or expanded industries; they must return to their homes and their pre-war occupations. It is the business of the State to see that the homes are fit for heroes, and the wives of heroes, to inhabit. It is equally the business of the State to see that women's pre-war occupations are placed upon a reasonable and human footing. But when all this is done, it remains for the women to justify the panegyrics of the Press and to stultify our criticisms by returning to the urgent work which awaits their ministering hands.

THE PROBLEM OF MEXICO.

WHEN at Manchester, Mr. Wilson told a shrewd story of his own impetuous soldiers. "Friend," said a veteran Australian to one of these, "a barrage is *not* a thing to lean up against!" It is safe to say that the President himself has a new respect for the barrage of facts—racial, strategic and political—which he encountered in Paris and London, and whilst he is urging universal disarmament, the First Lord of his Admiralty at home, Mr. Josephus Daniels, is expatiating upon new discoveries of "imperfect humanity."

These, it seems, inspire the United States, "if it is to realise its destiny as leader of the democratic impulse," and play its part as protector of freedom, "to bend its will and energies to the task of creating incomparably the greatest navy in the world." And an army of five million men was planned before the Armistice was signed at Senlis. It is already clear that America has no illusions about emasculate nations, and the lion dandling the kid in a new post-war Paradise.

As for the small nations, the Monroe Doctrine commits the United States to the oversight of a score of these, all of them extremely jealous of their sovereignty, and all taking note of the manner in which America has dealt with endemic anarchy and insult in the sister Republic of Mexico. President Wilson himself has carried fire and sword into those other United States—by sea under Admiral Mayo, by land under General John Pershing.

Both expeditions were entirely fruitless. "Get Villa, dead or alive," was the order to Pershing. He came back empty-handed, after an expedition that cost £40,000,000. And the notorious bandit (who had actually invaded the United States at Columbia, N.M., and "shot up" and looted the town) became a national hero, sung and lauded by every peon of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande.

Mexico is emphatically the "Ireland" of the United States; an abiding blight and embarrassment at America's very door; a land given over to outrageous violence, as we shall show. Ever since 1821, when General Iturbide declared himself "Emperor," Mexico

knew no peace, until Porfirio Diaz began his iron reign. But that Dictator passed eight years ago, and thereupon this rich and tragic land was torn by a Bolshevism which defies description in a brief space.

Mexico's frontier marches with America's own for nearly 2,000 miles, and the three South-Western States have much to answer for in the matter of Border riot. This has surpassed any extravaganza of the "movies," with cattle-lifting and murders, the smuggling of arms, the wrecking of trains by masked thugs, and ferocious reprisals on the part of both races. Mexican hatred of America is to-day a real force; it goes back to the 'forties, when General Scott scaled the heights of Chapultepec and imposed America's terms of surrender in the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

That hatred Germany used as a lever during the war, as we know from the egregious Eckhardt-Zimmerman letter, prompting Carranza to invade the United States, with Japanese backing and German money, provided by Franz von Rintelen through the Deutsche Bank in Mexico City. Here is a Republic which Humboldt called "the treasure house of the earth." It provides one-third of the world's silver; it produces every known commodity, from sugar to petroleum.

The Tampico oil-belt is to-day the richest on earth. A single "gusher" at Poturo del Llano gave 100,000 barrels a day; another oil-well filled an ocean tanker overnight. But the entire land is a prey to brigands. The new Queretaro Constitution is aimed at all foreigners, and Mexico's tone grows more and more truculent, despite the enormous total of British and American capital invested in the country.

Before the present Terror began, there were 40,000 Americans in Mexico, handling property worth well over \$1,000,000,000. But credit and commerce fairly wilted. One of the "foreign" railways, with a gross revenue of \$34,000,000, earned in a year only \$22,441, and that in paper money of doubtful value. The whole Republic was riven into brigand zones, each with its own *jefe politico*, or boss.

Thus the Aguilar gang, in the oil-belt, demanded \$10,000 a month from each producing concern. Lord Cowdray's Syndicate refused, and forthwith its pumps were smashed, and surface leaks were fired for four months, involving enormous losses.

President Wilson was at his wits' end. The mobilisation of his State Militias (to reinforce the small Federal Army) was a memorable farce, which gave the American cartoonist the richest play. In 1914 the President of Mexico was Victoriano Huerta, a Mixtec Indian of pure breed. Mr. Wilson resolved to break him, pointing out to Congress that "if we are to accept the tests of its own Constitution, Mexico has no Government." Undoubtedly Huerta was a usurper, a person of treachery and crime. But so was every Mexican *jefe*, since the Constitution of 1857 went into force.

Mr. Wilson favoured Venustiano Carranza—though he leaned at times to the freelance hero of the Rio Grande, Pancho Villa. That brigand's chance vanished when Huerta resigned; and Villa took so spiteful a revenge that President Wilson began a half-hearted "war," which only served to unite all the Mexican factions against the detested "gringo," or Yankee. Thus the too-tame bull in the Plaza de Toros would be hustled out by the angry *chulos*, to the scornful shrieks of the Mexican mob—*Toro Americano*! It was a *Yanqui* beast, that turned to nibble straw when the picadores spurred their horses to the attack with lances in couch!

In 1915 and 1916, German intrigue in Mexico was in full blast, German ships, with lethal cargoes, stole into Mexican ports. German reservists crossed the Border, and fomented trouble too bewildering even for the "sleuths" of the American press to follow; President Wilson declared embargoes—and lifted them—and imposed them again. He sent a fleet down to Vera Cruz to compel the tyrant, Huerta, to salute the American flag. But that swart statesman haggled for a return salute. None was given on either side; and after a scuffle ashore, the U.S. fleet sailed away, leav-

ing a hymn of hate in its wake, of which the refrain was *Abajo los Yanquis*!

To-day Mexico is as sullen as ever, though Mr. Wilson withdrew his forces from the Latin-American "Ireland," and after the claims against Carranza's "Government" had mounted to £200,000,000, Ambassador Fletcher returned to Mexico City. Señor Ignacio Bonillas was received in Washington, and vineyards flowered again on the old Vesuvius south of the Border. Mexico is larger than Germany and Austria-Hungary, with France added to them. The mass of semi-savage peons—which Mr. Wilson mistook for a nation—number about 15,000,000, of which perhaps 2,000,000 are of the Caucasian race. The rest are Indians belonging to fifty tribes, speaking as many dialects.

"There can be little doubt," says Senator Beveridge of Washington, "that the Mexican peon of to-day is far below the culture of the ancient Aztecs." Such is the "Ireland" which adjoins the United States, with the International Boundary running through the main street of American towns like Naco and Nogales. Mexico commands the Gulf, which is at once the outlet and approach to the southern ports of the United States. Certain Americans maintain that the Gulf itself should be an American lake, and Mexico (on account of the Panama Canal) a Protectorate, in which order is to be maintained by main force. Already the Washington Senate has a resolution before it, advising the purchase of Lower California, which contains the strategic area of Magdalena Bay.

But what would the other nineteen Republics say to "Imperialism" of this kind? Already President Iroegen, of Argentina, has given plain hints in reply, and even taken steps to form a Latin-American Alliance against the United States. Dr. Wenceslao Braz, of Brazil, has confided his fears of the Monroe Doctrine to the Rio Congress. We were all glad to see Mr. Wilson over here, and welcome his co-operation at the Peace Conference. But candour compels us to add that the Mexican welter he has left behind him a little impairs his authority as an adviser, still more as a dictator, on the settlement of problems of race and frontiers that have baffled European statesmen for centuries.

OWLS.

IT is a pretty stroke of fortune that has set our English poets at loggerheads about the birds of night. Owls and nightingales both are called sad and merry. But sadness has it against Shakespeare in the one case, against Chaucer in the other, and the owl will mope and the nightingale lament to all eternity, as it would seem, in their despite. Homer knew the owl, which nested on the island of Calypso, among the alders and poplars set about her cave, as it rests in the Greek poplars of to-day, where the inhabitants have left any trees for its shelter. *Scops* the poet calls him, and *Scops* we call him still; "the owl that's always there," as Aristotle has it, to distinguish him from the migratory *Scops* of larger size, our short-eared owl that is, who was killed and eaten when the autumn west winds blew him to Greek shores. Less profane this than it sounds, however, since the Owl of Athens, emblem of her goddess, type of her coins, was the gay-hearted Little Owl, that buffoon among birds, who will trade on his sacredness to demolish the vine blossoms, as the Birds of Aristophanes threaten, if the Athenians would not acknowledge their new empire. To send owls to Athens, indeed, was the Greek equivalent of our carrying coals to Newcastle, since from the Black Sea to the Pillars of Hercules the owl as coin type was so widely known that Athens never dared to alter it. Her art might grow in grace and power, her architecture blossom into Parthenon and Propylæa, but her owls must remain, as they were in the sixth century B.C., the counterpart of the British pound sterling before the war, the universal currency of commerce. They had Owl Dances in Athens, too, named after two species of the bird, so that the *Birds* must have appealed to audiences who had themselves been owls; for as their poet tells us,

"Each of the gods had his separate fowl,
Apollo a hawk and Minerva an owl."

and owls and hawks must be honoured accordingly.

Owlhood could be a punishment, however. The tale-bearing Ascalaphus, son of Styx or Acheron, who reported that Persephone had eaten part of the fatal pomegranate which was to keep her chained to the underworld, was changed to an owl as a punishment for his loquacity, and shrieked after Chaucer's Troilus for two long nights; a horned owl he was, says Ovid, whose notes bode ill to mortals.

Horned owl and screech-owl, both were birds of ill omen to the ancient world. They sucked the breath of infants, portended death, presided over Canidia's magic rites when Horace saw her and her fellows at their orgies on the hillside. And who are we that we should reproach the Romans, when our own Norfolk rustics used to hold similar opinions, and a Parsee trained in all the wisdom of the West (as understood in India) could write with sympathy, in the local Anthropological Society's Journal, of the English schoolmaster "being so disturbed at the sight of an owl on the roof that he did not rest till he made it leave his premises by means of stones?" Man's ingratitude, what limit is there to it? The owls who rid us of our mice and rats, well might say with Socrates, what we deserve is not death, but the O.B.E., or any other honour the reader may prefer to correspond with "dining in the Prytaneum."

Venerable is the story of the owl beset by other birds in daylight. Pliny tells us the story, and that of his valiant ally the falcon, "which, by a secret instinct and society of nature, seeing the poor howlet thus distressed, cometh to succour and taketh part with him and so endeth the fray." Well into the nineteenth century the tale persists: "An owl," says William Wood, "cannot show himself by day without setting the whole neighbourhood in an uproar, all the little birds assisting each other in tormenting the common foe. Astonished and dizzy, the wretched owl is obliged to sit and suffer all their insults; to which he can only reply by turning his head and rolling his eyes with an air of stupidity." Sometimes, however, the tormentors go on too long, and are surprised by evening and the owl's awakening faculties, and then, *Vae victis*. It is even said that the bird-catchers of a century ago would trade upon this enmity, smearing a hedge with birdlime, and, hidden in a brake, making the owl's call and thus assembling a flock of little birds only to be caught in the birdlime and taken by their human foes. The lovely noiseless flight of the white owl ought to have saved it from rash judgments; yet they persist. "His habits and voice conspire to make him an object of terror"; "his screeching, joined to the awfulness of the scene (a midnight graveyard), re-echoed from the tombs and cloisters in the stillness of the night, inspires dread and terror in the mind." Yet this very owl receives almost divine honours from the Mongol and Kalmac Tartars, because it saved the life of Genghiz Khan. "That prince, with his small army, happened to be surprised and put to flight by his enemies, and forced to conceal himself in a little coppice; an owl settled on the bush under which he was hid, and induced his pursuers not to search there, as they thought it impossible any man should be concealed in a place where that bird would perch." As the honours subsequently paid the bird included the wearing of its plumes upon the head, one feels that the white owl was but ill-rewarded. But let every Mr. Timorous who goes for the first time to stay in an old house in a lonely countryside read the story herein following, and harden his nerves against fear.

A girl of seventeen was visiting an old romantic manor with its ghost and Chain Room and swaying trees, and in due time went to bed, glorying in the stories of the place, its beauty, and the charm of the panelled room all hung with tapestry in which she was to sleep. The candle out, she lifted her head from the pillow with a start: something, someone, was breathing heavily. The noise went on, by the bed-head as it seemed; rigid with fright at first, the girl forced herself to light a candle, and, comb in hand—there was no poker there because no fireplace, and no other weapon

presented itself—she prodded at the waving tapestry, in terror all the time lest something soft should meet her touch instead of the sounding wood that should have been there, and was. Nothing; and after nerve-racked hours she fell asleep. Next night the same thing, and the same again, and never a word did she say for fear of being laughed at. Years later, Mrs. Ewing's story of the Snoring Owl explained the mystery.

Buffon tells us of what befell when he was sleeping in one of the turrets of the Château of Montbard. A little owl alighted on the window-sill and woke him with its musical cry of *Hémé, Edmé*, many times repeated. As he lay listening, he heard the casement over his own open wide and his servant call: "*Qui est donc là? Moi je m'appelle Pierre, et pas Edmé.*"

Why have owls ever been called ugly? Why is owlsh a term of reproach? See the eared-owl, with its Persian-cat shape of softness; or the Little Owl, our friend of the Château Montbard, alert and strokable to the sight at least, for he has a beak like his fellows, and can use it; or, if you can, catch the screech-owl or barn owl, afflit at dusk, his curving flight so silent that the still air seems noisy beside it. Or get the sexton's boy to bring you a little one, taken, a soft ball of fluff, from an ivy-mantled tower such as Gray has consecrated, and see if you do not long to fondle it. Only remember that the white owl will not live in captivity: Buffon tried in vain to make it, with every alleviation that companionship and a comfortable aviary could produce. All his pets died within a fortnight. And you will not succeed where Buffon failed.

The owl in art has been but little seen since he sat beside his goddess, or perched upon her hand, in days when Athens was the eye of Greece. Yet, the owl is one of the artistic successes of the Creation. It has dignity and mass, as well as the charms of fluffiness and Persian cathood, and it seems odd that more use has not been made of it. How appropriate, for instance, to adorn some learned institution, would be a row of solemn bronze owls marshalled on grille or balustrade for the entertainment of lovers of art? The Spirit of Horace Walpole would bless the project, since among the treasures of Strawberry Hill were two silver owls on perches, fashioned into whistles and used for calling servants. Nor need we fear ill results from the Owl Decorative, since, as Sir Thomas Browne of the Ancient City of Norwich has long since shown, the Ominous Owl is "but a decrepit superstition—and, as such, had its nativity in times beyond all history—though still fresh in the observation of many heads, and by the credulous and feminine party still in some Majesty among us. And it in no way confirmeth the Augurial consideration, that an Owl is a forbidden food in the Law of Moses; or that Jerusalem was threatened by the Raven and the Owl, in that expression of *Isa. 34*. For thereby was only implied, their ensuing desolation, as it is expounded in the words succeeding: He shall draw upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness."

The owl, we dare conjecture, is out of place as omen in Palestine to-day, and a modern Crassus would not look for defeat, did he see one when going into battle against Turkish instead of Parthian enemies.

FLAUBERT AND REALISM.

THERE has lately appeared an admirable translation by Mrs. Devonshire of M. Emile Faguet's monograph on Flaubert, the great romantic realist or realistic romantic, whichever you choose to call him.* Outside its masterly characterisation of a figure unique in literary fiction, the study raises the whole question of what "realism" and "romanticism" actually mean. Though its analysis both of personality and *métier* is not, we think, without some ambiguities and omissions, it remains, like all Faguet's creative criticism, a model of penetrative suggestion and lucid style. Everything that he has to say on style is authoritative. Not everything, however, that he says about realism and the like

* Flaubert. By Emile Faguet. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

compels assent. For the term "realism," like so many other ear-satisfying abstracts, is too vague and wide for precision. As a rule, those artists are called realists who do not show their temperament in their works. In one sense all great artists, whatever their materials, are realists. They realise their world, making it vivid, visible and audible, whether it be the world of yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or of those mid-regions known as ideas, and whether they do so by temperament or without it. Who has realised Hellenism more than Keats, though he is so absolutely un-Hellenic in method? Who calls him a realist? But the fact is that "realism" is used more of material than of the means to express it. The *genre*-painters of literature are all styled realists, though they differ quite as much as De Hoogh does from Teniers or Terberg from Mieris. Fielding is a realist both in matter and manner, but the sentimental Richardson is a realist also; he does not pursue beauty. Is Dickens a realist because he deals with the ordinary world in an extraordinary manner? Is Thackeray not a realist because he romanticises the familiar? We have not to ask whether Flaubert was the first realist in French fiction (and he was not in face of Le Sage), but what kind of a realist he was. The answer is that Flaubert—the son, be it marked, of a surgeon—was a great, an artistic Naturalist. He operated on human nature, and in the dissecting room of his mind all characters were symptoms. Born the most self-conscious and self-centred of men, he yet—or perhaps therefore—became the least self-conscious of artists. He expressly repudiated any intrusion of personal moods into the realm of his art, and in this—the objective sense—he relates himself—though most modernly divergent—to the old Greek outlook. So, oddly enough, does Baudelaire, the poet of pessimism. But, being so sensitively self-conscious, he also belonged to the subjective world, the world that realises not "I" but "it," the inner world of the Bible and, in its truest sense, of impressionism. Self-banned from introducing himself into his creations, he sought as a relief in alternate books to project himself into an alien atmosphere.

His affinities were oriental—he was the pine-tree dreaming of the palm—and so he escaped into the grandiose or exotic atmosphere of "Salammbô," or of "The Temptation of St. Anthony." But while now and again he exhaled himself into the glow of the East, he handled the West coldly and scientifically, and though he loved the one, he was more at ease in the other, which he had trained himself to like. The bias only occasionally indulged in, the warm Oriental side of him, Faguet calls romanticism. Here again we make bold to dissent. The Romantic is concerned not with material, but with method. It involves a treatment proceeding neither by register nor rule, but by associative sensations—the way in which the scent recalls the flower, the tune the scene, the sound in a shell the sea; such was not Flaubert's medium. He handled themes the most remote and romantic (though with far intenser colours) as he handled the average daily life around him—as a vent for the evasion or suppression of the importunate, impenitent self which tortured him. Always minute in his calculated strokes, he here elaborated without freedom that which artistically demands intuitive largeness and unfettered fantasy. Thus, for all their sombre splendour and ruminative research, these excursions of his became a colossal bore, as a bizarre naturalism almost always must. No doubt he had a romantic vein, but it was submerged in the realism against which it protested. What enlists sympathy in his historical fantasies is the style, both when he describes and when he psychologises. Here once more he strove to escape from himself, for he was not naturally a stylist—as his correspondence shows—any more than Sterne when he wrote his sloppy 'Journal to Eliza.'

Through supreme effort Flaubert became a supreme stylist, nor must it be forgotten by English readers that, where Flaubert is least interesting, the perfection of the style interests a Frenchman most. Flaubert attained this height of expression—this justness of word and gesture—by reading his compositions

aloud to himself and making the rhythm beat time to his thoughts and feelings. Perhaps Sterne—the opposite pole in the literary armament—did the same. You can be a realist with a sentimental irony, as was Thackeray, or a romantic with a realist's touch, as was Scott. The style of Flaubert is otherwise. It has the restraint, the ring, the terseness and plastic perfection of the Greek Antiquity. Yet by nature Flaubert was a shy misanthrope, a pagan hermit, and he turned—as no Greek would have turned—to the ugliness and folly, the rags and tatters around him, whether in the neighbourhood of his birth-place near Dieppe or in the Paris which he was to startle more than to charm. But, as he confessed, Flaubert was both a child and a barbarian. "I am a Barbarian," he wrote, when he quarrelled with his best friend Du Camp; "I have a Barbarian's muscular apathy, nervous language, green eyes and tall stature. But I also have a Barbarian's impulses . . . obstinacy and irascibility. . . . Du Camp has written me a kind and sorrowful letter. I have sent him another from the same cask of vinegar. . . . I think he will for some time feel giddy from the blow and leave me alone. I am very good-natured up to a certain point—the frontiers of my liberty which are not to be overstepped. . . . As he told me that we owed something to others, that we should help each other, I expressed my complete indifference . . . and I added: 'Others will do without my lights, and all that I ask in return is that they should not asphyxiate me with their candles.'" After this we can understand that it was only in scientific calm that he could treat with human nature, also that the explosive element which flared up so soon as he was brought into living contact took refuge in the glowing whirl of Carthage, beset by the Barbarians and the mysticism of Salammbô's girdle, or the sands of the Thebaid with an isolated St. Anthony for the central figure.

After all, it is through 'Madame Bovary,' with its petty, provincial setting, that Flaubert is immortal, for there he found at once the finest outlet for his genius and the safest shelter from his passions. 'Salammbô'—in one aspect an archaeological museum, in another, a gorgeous overcrowded antiquarian ballet—was the result of that visit to the East which realised Flaubert's temperament but contradicted his art. 'The Temptation of St. Anthony'—a more spiritual ballet—is on the austere side of the same mood. But 'Madame Bovary,' as in a less degree 'The Sentimental Education,' shows him in tense seclusion with the microscope applied to his province. Of 'The Three Stories' two—'The Legend of the Knight of St. John' and 'Herodias'—are akin, though in, as it were, the miniature of a stained-glass window, to 'St. Anthony' and 'Salammbô'; while 'The Story of The Simple Heart,' that of an old maid and her parrot, fails to convince us. But 'Madame Bovary' is a masterpiece far transcending Richardson's 'Clarissa Harlowe' in its pitiless yet pathetic precision. It is neither immoral nor moral. It neither mocks nor preaches. It is no mere artistic record, still less the photography of Zola. It outdoes Balzac on his own ground, because its ten characters are never confused and never types. And just as Don Quixote makes us sympathise with the sentimentality which it assails, so Madame Bovary herself, the victim of Sand's sentimentalism, makes us sympathise with the very element which proves her downfall. Who does not know the tragedy of Emma's gradual descent, the catastrophe of her climax? Contrasted with the simpering 'Lady of the Camelias,' the book stands as Hogarth does to Greuze. Faguet goes so far as to say that the heroine is the most complete woman's portrait in the whole of literature, including Shakespeare and Balzac. Surely he is right, for, as Faguet again puts it, we get the itinerary, not the inventory, of a soul. Homais, too, is unsurpassable of his kind, and all the persons of that tragedy make an appeal so intimate—even when they belong to the "sad-grotesque"—that they become part of our abiding consciousness. Perhaps the most wonderful of all its passages is that about Emma's dreams, when the dull, undisillusioned husband returns to find her sleeping: "Emma was not asleep; she pretended to be; and whilst he fell asleep

at her side, she awoke to other dreams. She was being carried away by four galloping horses . . . towards a new country, whence they [she and her lover] would never return. They went, their arms locked, without speaking. Often from the summit of a mountain, they suddenly perceived some splendid city with domes, bridges, forests, ships, forests of lemon-trees and white marble cathedrals with storks' nests in their pointed steeples. The horses went slowly because of the slippery marble pavement, and on the ground lay bunches of flowers, which were offered by women dressed in red corselets. . . . However, in the immensity of this future which she evoked nothing particularly emerged; the days, all of them magnificent, were like waves, and the whole swung gently on the horizon, infinite, harmonious, all blue in sunshine. But the child coughed in her cradle, or else Bovary snored more loudly, and Emma did not sleep until dawn. . . ."

We have no space for Flaubert's last effort 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' the tale of a doubled individuality in differing environment—the last cynicism of this "Unfrocked Romantic," as Heine once called himself. At any rate, with all drawbacks, Flaubert is perhaps the most distinguished instance of applying Molière's test to the portrayal of life:

"Je veux que l'on soit homme et que dans toute
rencontre
Le fond de notre cœur dans nos discours se
montre."

MUSIC AT WESTMINSTER.

LONDON is just beginning to awaken to the fact that there is no further ground for the old superstition about people not caring to go to concerts at Christmastide. It may have been so in the still recent times when King Harlequin ruled the roost and there was a pantomime at every other theatre; but the fashion has changed. On the first Saturday of the New Year, concerts on a big scale took place in three different parts of the town, and for each the amount of attraction proved sufficient to draw and interest a crowded audience. The nature of the test is worth noting, because it was not limited to the customary West-end concert district. The triangle extended from the top of Regent Street to Kensington Gore, thence to a point facing the west front of Westminster Abbey, and so back to Regent Street, thus taking in a much larger section of central London than usual. It is true that the three angles were represented only by "Ballad—Oratorio—Ballad," a device which the advanced music-lover could scarcely be expected to regard with complacency. Nevertheless, there was comfort in the nature and breadth of an appeal that was much better than nothing at all. 'The Messiah' at the Albert Hall is a hardy annual enough, but the surprise of the occasion was the success of the experiment with a programme of the Queen's Hall type in the novel direction of the Central Hall, Westminster.

The well-known publishing firm of Enoch & Sons was responsible for the innovation, and, as a natural consequence, for most of the compositions that made up the programme. These were quite good of their kind; but at the outset they interested us less than the audience which had assembled to listen to them. It had been far from certain that there would be a crowd. There was, however, a happy, responsive, lively crowd that stretched right up into the darkest corners of the high galleries, and at once made itself at home upon the acres of long benches and amid a murky atmosphere which electricity was only allowed to conquer after the concert had begun. Messrs. Enoch had dared to announce a series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at a hall the very existence of which has until quite lately been unknown to concert-goers—a hall but slightly associated with music, though it possesses one of the finest organs, and in Mr. Arthur Meale one of the finest organists, in the whole country. It might under easily-imaginable-conditions have been the last concert as well as the first. That is not now likely. It formed, in our opinion, the instant and unmistakable answer to an appeal which fitted in with the tastes of a huge but neglected population of music-lovers residing on the

south side of the Thames; for they came to it across Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, by train, by bus, on foot, and on a rainy afternoon, literally in their thousands. "What a pity it was not to hear a good orchestra play a Beethoven symphony or a symphonic poem by Debussy or Delius!" (We note the gentle plaint.) But that will follow later, just as surely as the solution of the problem of popular musical education will settle the trend of musical appreciation for the generations that are to come.

Meanwhile it is advisable to give the public what it wants in a more or less artistic guise. Better by far a good selection in the concert-room or the open air than the dreadful mixtures of the music-halls. That is why one must welcome new crusades such as that just started at Westminster. We found it altogether pleasant and palatable of its kind. The songs were of a higher class than usual all round—not a spurious *mélange* of good and bad, of superior or even "classical" *chevaux de bataille* to counterbalance the wonted selection of ordinary commonplace ballads. It was agreeable, moreover, to see the composers coming forward to accompany their own pieces—Mr. Landon Ronald, for instance, who knows how to write effectively for the voice, has the gift of melody, and can insinuate very delicate harmonies into the accompaniments which he plays so fluently. One could listen with enjoyment to the excerpts from his cycles, 'Four Songs of the Hill' and 'Songs of Springtime,' admirably sung as they were by Mr. George Parker and Miss Cochrane. Then again there was Mr. Easthope Martin to the fore, a young song-writer who takes pains with his work, who lends it grace, ingenuity, and fancy withal. His 'High Days and Holidays' had a bright-voiced and vivacious interpreter in Miss Doris Carter, and even better still his 'Red-Letter Days' (nearly the whole calendar in fact), as rendered with real beauty of tone and freedom of style by Mr. David Ellis. There were others besides, but these were the principal vocal items; while Miss Marie Hall with the violin, Miss Una Browne the piano, and Mr. Meale at the organ furnished the requisite instrumental contrast, and did it well. With further experience Messrs. Enoch will doubtless improve some details of their organisation, but for two at least they deserve praise: they made each artist complete his or her quota in one appearance, and they allowed no encores.

Seeing that the two 'Messiah' performances given each season by the Royal Choral Society practically defray the losses on the remaining concerts, it is always satisfactory to find the attendance keeping at the maximum as it did last week. We should be glad to record an equivalent maintenance of the standard throughout all phases of the performance itself. The choral singing, however, was very unequal; the tenors particularly showed a notable lack of refinement, not only in their quality of tone, but in their accent and pronunciation, for which mere vigour and energy could not atone. Miss Carrie Tubb and Mr. Ben Davies were excellent, as usual, but Miss Phyllis Lett seemed rather over-weighted in the more exacting contralto solos, and Mr. Norman Allin was undeniably so in 'The trumpet shall sound.'

THE LAST LONDON ROAD.

All roads in London lead the one last way,
Like little streams that find a flowing river.
They find the one great road that runs for ever,
Yet has no London name. They knew it, they
Who when the lamps in Oxford Street were lighted,
And starlit Thames through all her bridges moving
Velvet assumed, saw not for all their loving
These things they loved, nor heard, as uninvited,
To London revel calling Piccadilly.
But these were old, scarce sped, ere they grew
strange,

And now the young, the young that road have trod
From battle home, that road with rose and lily
Of youth made sweet, and treading it exchange
The streets of London for the road of God.

CORRESPONDENCE

UNEMPLOYMENT DONATIONS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with interest and close attention the series of articles on Labour and Demobilisation which have been running through THE SATURDAY REVIEW for the last three or four weeks. Obviously they are based on inside knowledge, as few outsiders can follow the maze of departmental proceedings. Equally obviously they are an apology for the Munitions or Labour Ministry. Individualist as I am, I do not know that there was anything objectionable until we came to last week's article on "The Unwinding of the Coil," which ends up with the Government policy of Unemployment Donations, of which, as you truly, perhaps sarcastically, say "the generosity has not been appreciated." Surely this is "the limit."

You say, "before the war, State unemployment benefit, which cost the workman and the employer 2½d. per week, gave a total benefit of 7s. per week. The Government non-contributory scheme provides for men 29s. a week, with 6s. for the first and 3s. for each succeeding dependent." This means that a man with a wife and four children would get £2 4s. per week unemployment donation. If his wife happened to be a munition worker, she would be getting 24s. a week. Altogether there seems to be no reason why a working-man, with a wife and family, should not receive £3 8s. a week in unemployment donations. This is generosity indeed on Mr. Churchill's part, only it is not in the least admirable, because Mr. Churchill doesn't pay for it: on the contrary, it is by these bribes of working-class voters at the expense of the small income-tax class that Mr. Churchill continues to receive £5,000 a year.

The serious question is, why should these men and women in receipt of these "generous donations" ever return to work, or ever seek work? They certainly will not do so during the thirteen weeks that the donations last: and when the thirteen weeks are over they will march down to Whitehall and demand an extension of the armistice, and they will get it.

These donations, be it observed, are non-contributory. That is to say, these workpeople have been receiving enormous wages for the last four years, and they have presumably banked nothing, and have not been asked by the Government, which paid these double wages, to contribute a farthing to the day when the war must cease. Why are the workpeople at home to contribute nothing to the war? Their fellow countrymen have contributed lives and money.

At the same time that the Government gives these Unemployment Donations at the public expense, it restores the right of striking, and the right of limiting output, and all the evils of the pre-war period, as generated by the Trades Disputes Act. Demobilisation by State largess can no further go.

Yours faithfully,
TAXPAYER.

ARE WOMEN CONSERVATIVE?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On reading your article on "The Meaning of the Polls," in your issue of the 4th inst., it is impossible to refrain from speculation on the point whether your conception of the meaning of the polls is empiric, or whether you reached your belief by scientific means and inquired from any number of women what were their guiding principles in the choice of candidates to invest their precious votes in.

Apart from exceptions necessary to prove the rule, all women are Conservative, and, had Mr. Lloyd George appeared in the election as a Liberal, he would have shared the tragic fate of the Liberal party.

If you will take the trouble to inquire of any women you find handy what are the fundamental differences between Liberals and Conservatives, you will find that they are as innocent of any knowledge as our Mother Eve was before she raided the tree of knowledge.

Conservatism has been fashionable among women for centuries, and, once they were given the franchise,

it was a foregone conclusion that the Liberal party would cease to exist. The vote, or result of the polls, is no more criterion of the excellence of the elected than the universal mania for jumper blouses is indicative of the inferiority of other kindred garments.

You will probably find that our present Government can appeal again and again to the constituencies with perfect safety for themselves until the time when, if there are really any liberal-minded people in public life, they change their name for some other more in favour with the working classes.

Yours faithfully,
ESTHER DELAFORCE.

THE BLUNDER OF THE DARDANELLES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The crux of the whole Dardanelles fiasco is, Why did not the British Fleet reappear in the Narrows on March 19th, 1915? I have not seen the English edition of Mr. Morgenthau's book, but the first American issue of the same contained the answer. The intelligence on which the attack was countermanded emanated from the Foreign Office. The British Legation at Sofia informed London that the Turks were being supplied with shells from Germany through Bulgaria, and protests were made at Sofia against the breach of neutrality. Actually, as Mr. Morgenthau stated, no shells had at that date been sent to Turkey by Germany.

Yours faithfully,
SUBSCRIBER.

THE ACQUISITION OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is generally admitted that the landowners of this country have suffered, both in person and purse, more severely from the war than any other class of the community. If anyone doubts this he can soon convince himself of the truth of the statement by a short study of the casualties in the families of the peerage and by considering the fact, which none can gainsay, that while rents have not been raised, on the average throughout the country, more than 5 per cent. or 6 per cent., the cost of repairs and upkeep has more than doubled, while the deadweight of tithe, where payable, has increased by 45 per cent.

Unlike certain other sections of the community, landowners do not ask for any special recognition, in the way of bribes, doles and privileges, for their patriotism. What they have given they have given unstintingly, but they consider that duty unflinchingly performed at heartbreaking and ruinous cost entitles them to "one thing—Justice."

Unfortunately, there is some reason to fear that in the heat of our zeal for "Reconstruction" our old-fashioned ideas of equity may go by the board, and that the small, and therefore comparatively powerless, class of landlords may be sacrificed on the altar of opportunism.

There have, no doubt, been, occasionally, cases in the past where exorbitant prices were exacted for land on the principle that everybody—be he miner, railwayman, munition worker, or landlord—makes the most of a bargain with the Government, but this is no reason why we should go to the other extreme and declare that the rule of "value to the owner" which has been in vogue for some 70 years should be replaced by a new standard of value which could be whittled down to nothing by the Land Nationalisers who declare that "Our land should not be used by profiteering farmers and owned by rack-renting landlords. It should be owned by the nation and worked by paid managers and employees for the benefit of the whole people."

The one thing which the land requires to-day, if there is to be any "Agricultural Reconstruction," is Capital—Capital to drain the waterlogged fields so rashly ploughed out last year and the year before, Capital to throw small fields into one and make new fences, Capital to erect or improve farmhouses, cottages and farm buildings. But the legislation foreshadowed by Mr. Leslie Scott and his committee is

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certain to drive it away. In discussions on farming matters we hear much about "security" for the tenant: and I agree that he should receive the fullest compensation at the landowner's hands for all improvements; but I submit that the landlord is entitled to equal consideration on the part of local authorities and that the last thing which we ought to do is to give him the impression that good and progressive—and therefore expensive—estate management is not worth while. It will be infinitely cheaper in the long run for the country to pay a good price for the land required rather than a bad one, for in the one case the owner will feel justified in spending to the benefit of the whole community, while in the other he will do nothing beyond what he is obliged to do.

In conclusion, I suggest that before Parliament assembles there should be a joint meeting of the Central Landowners' Association, the Land Union, and the Liberty and Property Defence League to consider the new campaign of exploitation against the owners of land and to formulate a definite policy—"delays are dangerous."

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,
6th January, 1919.

LORD LEVERHULME AND YOUR REVIEWER.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reviewer complains that Lord Leverhulme's scheme for increasing the production of "food, clothing and shelter" does not make labour "enjoyable," but can he suggest any scheme or system of production that will do so? From some of his remarks one gathers that he would advocate the substitution of handicraft for machinery. It may or may not be true that hand-labour is more "enjoyable" and elevating to the labourer than the tending of machines, but unfortunately it means a great reduction of output, or in other words, of "food, clothing and shelter" for the working classes. It appears, therefore, to be a question of values. Is it better to be physically or mentally starved? Lord Leverhulme proposes to increase production and to reduce the hours of labour by working machinery twelve hours a day in two shifts of six hours each. His scheme would add largely to the number of wage-earners and leave them a reasonable amount of leisure in which to cultivate their minds and tastes. Until someone can suggest something better, his proposal holds the field.

Yours faithfully,

L. T.

CHURCH FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some years ago I saw, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, a cyclist knock down a little girl. Before he could help her up, an excited pedestrian rushed up, and, with a Frenchman's impetuosity, attacked him with a torrent of abuse for his carelessness. The cyclist assured him that it was a pure accident, but the pedestrian would not credit this, so words ran high and a crowd collected. During this altercation the poor child picked herself up and limped away, without any attention or compensation whatever.

The child's case seems to be that of the clergy with small benefices. The collection of a large fund is proposed for their benefit, but it had hardly begun when a letter appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW objecting to its principle.

The writer of this letter, the Archdeacon of Warwick, is probably one of those whose incomes do not so urgently need augmentation, but he has, of course, a right to his opinion, although I think its public expression may alienate sympathy from a deserving cause.

Meanwhile, the clergy are for the most part in the very unfortunate position of having pre-war incomes altogether insufficient for present prices.

The Bishops are, we know, busy with Prayer Book revision, mutilating the Psalms, and duplicating the

Communion Service. It does not matter very much if agreement on this proposed revision is deferred for a time, but the question of the adjustment of clerical incomes surely demands immediate attention, for the poorer clergy can neither exist on their present ones, nor retire without a pension.

We seem likely to be in the case of the patient in 'L'Amour Médecin,' who died bravely while the four doctors were discussing a point of professional etiquette.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. POWELL.

Kirkdale Vicarage, Nawton, R.S.O., Yorks.

January 6th, 1919.

"THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article on this subject is perfectly true and intensely interesting, but may I supplement it by widening the scope and application of your remarks and pointing a moral therefrom for our Empire at large? You rightly deplore that a "priest-ridden unenterprising unit" of the great Canadian Dominion should have failed so signally in its duty to its two mother countries (France and England) by long refusing to fight for either; and you are also right in pointing out that the analogy with Ireland is in many respects conspicuous. The Quebec ecclesiastics, as you say, have entire control of education in their province, and the end they have in view is, not to make good and efficient men and women, but good Catholics—precisely the end which the Roman Church has in view always and everywhere. The schools are staffed by ill-paid and unqualified teachers, and the tuition is "notoriously inadequate for effective citizenship." Quite true: and in like manner the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick (quoted by your former contributor, "Pat") with quite remarkable candour told us that "the clergy that teach have never received a true education," and that nine-tenths of the young Irishmen they instruct are "without an education that is worth a button to them for any useful purpose." That priestcraft is Quebec's leading industry and that the Church raises and maintains social barriers and virtually dictates social and political life, thus preventing "any social commerce between the races," are facts to which the present writer has more than once drawn attention. And is not the Church doing exactly the same thing in Ireland, where, as an Irish Gaelic Leaguer reminds us, the people are shepherded apart in "separate sectarian concentration camps," and sacerdotal bullying and dictation everywhere kill character and progress?

You tell us, too, how the prosperous efficiency of the Eastern Township of Quebec, in heretic hands, irked the priests, who reduced it to that state of taxed and tithed stagnation so dear to the Romish heart. In Ireland we have often heard how the successful butter-maker or waterworks manager is liable to be ousted by the clerics on account of his theological views, and the business ruined by dogmatically sound incapables. "The one aim of the Quebec Church is extension of power"; it is the one aim of the Church everywhere. The French-Canadian Church holds before its flocks "the bogey of danger to their language and customs"; historical myths, you say, have been industriously perpetrated; the Jesuits were expelled, but after a few years came back, while other Orders have been pouring into the province. Have not these things happened, over and over again, in almost every European State?

Unconsciously pursuing the same line of argument as yourself, I have enlarged on these and similar topics in the current number of the 'National Review,' where it is made abundantly clear that the tragedy of Quebec is the tragedy of every country in the world where Rome holds sway. The tragedy is by no means unmingled with farce, but it remains none the less infinitely sad. Nor is the question merely an academic one for Great Britain and the Dominions. It is no light matter for an Empire like ours that several millions of its inhabitants should be handicapped in

life from the start, stunted and crippled in mind and will, simply that they may become the obedient and ineffective tools of reactionary religionists.

Yours faithfully,

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

Oxford and Cambridge Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.

GREECE AS A NATION: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I and several others, especially Greek scholars and great admirers of ancient and mediæval Greece, are of opinion that in the present moment the many claims of Greece to the sympathies of British people, both politically and commercially, could be greatly enhanced by a proper propaganda setting such claims forth.

It appears to me and others that, whilst other countries are turning their eyes towards England as a Mecca for this purpose, the Greek people are losing their great opportunities by not taking a long view of the situation at present with the certainty that in a short time peace will come.

No Englishman or Frenchman will, as a matter of fact, forget the great services of this Hellenic nation and its grand old man the Premier, Mr. E. Venizelos (an old friend of England and France), but in these troublesome times the memories of people are but short, seeing that the different vistas which appear on the horizon from day to day cause their minds to be directed to daily events.

What is really wanted to my mind is "impressions," so that the possibilities of Greece could never be effaced. This can only be done by propaganda work. And now is the ripe moment. Considering our past connections and standing with this most traditional and beautiful old country and the personalities of its useful inhabitants, it seems a great pity indeed that a link cannot be forged, apart from politics, which will bind us for purposes of mutual education and benefit.

It seems an absolute necessity that any taint of Germanism shall be effaced, so far as commerce is concerned, from this country, quite as quickly and efficaciously as the ex-King Tino and all his satellites were by the new Hellenic Government.

Can I kindly venture to suggest that you should remind our people of Great Britain through your valuable journal of their very old standing and connection with ancient and mediæval glorious Greece? "Immortal Hellas," the poet's perpetual enthusiasm and the statesman's eloquence, the ancient birthplace of freedom and civilisation that the civilized world owes so much to.

Yours, etc.,

F. LANG
(Lieut.-Colonel.)

89, Pall Mall, S.W.

[We do not wish to discourage the national ambition of modern Greece. But if ever there was a fiction of the poet's brain, it is the identification of modern with ancient classical Greece. Greek is very like the tongue of Thucydides and Plato: but the race of ancient Greeks have disappeared as completely as the Lost Tribes.—ED. S. R.]

THE GERMAN QUEENS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—All the German Queens of England were not called Caroline. There is a slip in your article on "The Old Deer Park" last week. King George II's Queen was Caroline, and so was King George IV's. But George III's Queen was Charlotte. It is curious to note in the novels of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries how prevalent the Carolines and Charlottes were: and equally curious that despite a long and popular reign, very few girls were christened Victoria.

Yours truly,
HISTORICUS.

REVIEWS

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

On Society. By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan 12s net.

Social Purpose. By H. J. W. Hetherington and J. H. Muirhead. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THE curious who penetrated in the brave eighties to Newton Hall or the rival Positivist conventicle in Chapel Street, Bloomsbury, must have come away sadder, but not much the wiser. It was like a walk up Tottenham Court Road on a foggy day. The fine old squares on the right hand side were hidden out of sight, while the dull thoroughfare stretched away into a murky darkness. Positivism has been before the world a good many years, but it cannot be said to have progressed as a creed. By substituting humanity for Deity it ignores, as Professors Hetherington and Muirhead well put it, "the validity of man's belief in the response of the Universe to his deepest longings," and relies on a motive at once too elevated and too weak for mortal effort. The citizen on the motor "bus" will have none of it. Here, however, is the veteran leader of the movement, Mr. Frederic Harrison, reprinting by way of a farewell to "the people" his old papers and addresses, and as confident as ever that one of these days, man, taking man as the supreme end of adoration, will do everything that is best for man. We envy his optimism, and, being human ourselves, we are prepared to make every allowance for his simplicity.

Auguste Comte evolved a strange system of society from his doctrine that man's whole active existence depends on humanity. The religion was not without its fripperies, such as the 558 (why 558?) "worthies"; and, if we remember rightly, Huxley twitted Mr. Harrison for sundry extravagances of ritual which he indignantly denied ever having committed. But solid discourses from the Positivist pulpit and the publication of Positivist literature seem, apart from ceremonial to have been considered a sufficiently powerful engine for the conversion of the world. We are bound to say that the Positivist ideal, if realised, would be a much less depressing affair than that held out to us by Socialism as the goal of endeavour. Family life is to be retained in its integrity, the husband supplying the material force, the wife the moral, though why the poor father should not be allowed to teach his children it is difficult to see. Outside the family, we should all be so good and all so fond of one another that little regimenting would be necessary. The State would provide gas and water, and possibly police to keep non-Positivists in order. But voluntary effort would be quite sufficient to supply a plan of universal education which all would enjoy, directed by a voluntary priesthood. The workman would have a seven hours' day, and a minimum wage of £1 a week, with about £2 more, variable with the profits. Positivism, essentially a gentle creed, does not regard the capitalist as accursed. On the contrary, it recognises the value of organising ability, and holds that the regenerated employer will not only remain content with a much diminished income, but will readily place his brains and energy at the service of his men. This Paladine will even carry his altruism to the extent of holding his hand rather than glut a foreign market with goods, and we suppose that his workmen will see their fluctuating £2 vanish with a smile. It is all very nice, but quite, quite futile.

Professors Hetherington and Muirhead are much more circumspect than Mr. Frederic Harrison in their suggestions for the betterment of social conditions. They carefully weigh alternatives, and attack problems from more angles than one. The worst of them is, indeed, that they are so philosophic and so scientific that their conclusions are sometimes hidden from the plain man under the weight of their speculations. It is all very well to bring Plato and biology to bear on society, but what most of us want is practical guidance in such questions as the incidence of taxation and

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the spheres of local and central government. Still their views may be called reasonably definite when we consider that they are examining that somewhat intangible thing, "social purpose." They agree with Mr. Harrison that of all the institutions the family is that which has the deepest roots in the human mind. To those who contend that its sanctity is being undermined by the transference to the State of the duties of educating it and keeping it in health, they reply rather cleverly that by setting up a high standard the State makes the family more efficient. Perhaps it does, but the old unity has gone. From the family the Professors proceed with cautious steps through what they call the "neighbourhood," that is, the local area to the State. They accept democracy as the logical expression of society, but seem more intent on forecasting what will happen if things go right, than in warning it away from the dangers in its path.

The Professors' message to Labour appears to be that it shall find salvation, not in Syndicalism nor in Guild Socialism, but in short hours and relaxation outside the daily employment, together with the substitution of machinery for the more arduous manual processes. What is to become of the unskilled workman they do not say, and here as elsewhere we find them more professorial than practical. They have no message at all to democracy in its relations to the British Empire. We get instead, croakings about the "exploitation" of native races; regrets that it cannot be prevented, sighs because negroes cannot be restored to their pristine independence and so on. Is the *pax Britannica* nothing; are the abolition of tribal warfare and the slave trade nothing? Besides, the "exploitation" in its practical working means that a Kaffir leaves Kimberley or the Rand with enough money in his belt to set him up for life with wives and cattle. The Professors will be much appreciated by those intellectuals who look on democracy as a nice subject for tea-table conversation and the Empire as a bore. But they have their limitations.

BIOGRAPHY AND PROPAGANDA.

Christopher: A Study in Human Personality. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THE biography in this book is attractive, though incomplete and excessively sentimental; the propaganda is not. Christopher Tennant, who was no relation to the best-known Tennants, was at Winchester and was preparing to continue his education at Trinity, Cambridge, when he was swept into the war and shared the fate of many another bright and promising intellect. We have the intimate record of a boy who was peculiarly sensitive to beauty and the gifts of culture. At fourteen, when most boys are incoherent and chiefly interested in sport, he could write of Maud Allan "unfolding like a lovely flower." He lived in an adoring communion with his gifted mother, and seemed destined for such felicity in literary appreciation as distinguished his uncle, F. W. H. Myers. He was far from a normal boy, and got some "ragging" at school, but from our knowledge of the great public schools, we should say that few of them are more ready to appreciate literary and artistic talent than Winchester. Christopher liked his head master, who was capable not only of collaring a burglar, but also of taking a special interest in the table made by Christopher in the workshop.

Christopher agreed, it appears, to hold communion with his mother after his death, and his little sister, who died at the age of eighteen months, was a perpetual influence with him. What would have become of so unusual a boy cannot be foretold, but he proved a striking leader of his men.

Sir Oliver Lodge, knowing little about Winchester and school life there, has taken the chance to dwell on his "familiar spirits," and otherwise to lecture readers. He begins with a sermon on 'Youth and War,' which bores us, and goes on with a 'Message to the Bereaved' and a 'Vision' by Maeterlinck which is rich in fine sentiments. Later he discourses on the "so-called Public Schools of England," and discovers

their defects with "no reference to any one school in particular. Special and intimate knowledge would be required for that. But there are certain general characteristics, etc., etc." He finds that "schools may have many merits—doubtless they have—but as a rule intellectual encouragement is not one of them."

We could bring several examples to contradict this assertion, instances in which warm tributes have been paid in later life to masters half understood at school by slow or immature intellects. Indeed, we have been struck lately by the gratitude shown to those who lit the Promethean spark of art and literature in their pupils. Such school-masters have great fame in their schools and among their old boys, and no repute in the world. It is easy to quote, as Sir Oliver Lodge does, examples of great men who have won no recognition at school. They may not have deserved it then, in spite of their later eminence, since the human plant has different times for development. Nor are all these eminent failures at school men of science. Mark Pattison and Anthony Trollope were dullards in youth: they admitted it themselves.

As for 'The Compact' between Christopher and his mother, "most of us surely know that the departed are not wholly beyond our ken." That at any rate is the generalisation of Sir Oliver Lodge; but, personally we are not encouraged to such belief by a quotation from the Vulgate which lacks an essential particle to make it sense. Nor are we particularly exhilarated by the publication of a sonnet obtained by "influenced" writing. We learn that "it was not received by any relative of Christopher or Raymond, and has no specific connection with either." Why, then, drag it in here? We hate poetry, said Keats, which has a design upon us, and we do not think that serious inquirers are likely to gain much faith in the after-life from such efforts. If rhetoric could reach "the abysmal depths of personality," the world would be a different place. But we praise Tennyson for showing in that fine phrase how far removed we are from hopes of discovery of the nature and future of Man.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST IN GREECE.

Constantine: King and Traitor. By Demetra Vaka. John Lane. 12s 6d. net.

THE author, Mrs. Kenneth Brown, who left her native land when little more than a child, has lived practically the whole of her life in the New World, and considers herself an American first, second and last. Yet—although she does not probably even now recognise the fact—she is Greek in body and soul, more interested in the sordid politics of her native land than in the welfare of her adopted country.

Mrs. Brown, despite her nationality, shows herself to be a Greek, and, writing when America was still neutral, incidentally admits the whole of the case, so far as she is concerned, against the hyphenated American, or, we may say, against the naturalized citizens of all states as a body. However, it is probable that, although Mrs. Brown does not stand alone, she is not representative of her class. If that were so, the only safe course for states to adopt would be to abolish the naturalization of aliens altogether. If Mrs. Brown, despite her American citizenship, is still Greek, the environment in which she has lived for so many years has not been without its influence on her. This book could not have been written except by a partizan, but the partizan is obviously an American journalist. It is, in fact, permeated with American journalism from first page to last. It is very interesting and amusing, but not too convincing. The author displays no sense of humour throughout her pages: therefore her reader who possesses that sense is all the more amused. He laughs not at the book itself, but at the unlimited self-confidence and self-sufficiency of the author.

The few pages that relate to Mrs. Brown's visit to England on the way to Greece give an excellent taste of the book as a whole. She was accompanied by her husband, who was a very silent member of the party,

judging from the record, but who, had he been an Englishman in the pay of the English Government for propaganda work, could have been neither more patriotic nor more earnest. She in due course arrived at an English port. Here her capacity for diplomacy displayed itself at once, for, while landing, she had the foresight to tell "the military control captain" that she hoped to see Mr. Lloyd George. She received the not surprising and not altogether polite reply, "Do you think the Prime Minister of Great Britain has nothing else to do than to see you?" A few days later she informed "one titled gentleman of influence" that she proposed to reconcile King Constantine and Mr. Venizelos, "and in that way save Greece." His retort, also not very polite, was "You are mad! You are crazy!" When in another direction she reopened the subject of an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, she was told, according to her account, "It would be easier to see God than the Prime Minister." However, the impossible was effected, and on the spontaneous suggestion of Lord Northcliffe, who invited her to stay with him at Broadstairs, Mrs. Brown was granted an interview with Mr. Lloyd George.

The purpose of the book is to supply ammunition for the campaign against King Constantine and his adherents. Against them the author directs the full fury of her contempt and hatred. But there is a Power, one of the Allies, to which she is little less hostile. This is Italy. These two hatreds merge curiously in the case of General Dousmanis. This General, being one of the strong men of the Constantine party, is an object of Mrs. Brown's unmitigated hatred. He is of pure Greek descent, and Mrs. Brown is compelled to admit this. But he comes from Corfu:—"That island was held by the Venetians for a time. The general's family tree may show no instance of inter-marriage with the tyrants of the Venetian Republic; nevertheless, in his utterances, in his acts, and in the smouldering light of his dark eyes, the general brings to mind the time in which Venice ruled, and used foul means in preference to fair. He inspires the kind of respect one accords a man to whom no deed is too dark if it only furthers his ends." This is a fair sample of Mrs. Brown's treatment of her opponents. Mr. Zaimis is also a supporter of King Constantine, but he is the one exception in not being the object of our author's antipathy. It is not Mr. Zaimis whom she blames, it is his Maker. "He has disappointed me and has not rendered a single great act in the crucial hours of Greece; but I think God is to be blamed for that, and not Mr. Zaimis."

The book bears a strong flavour of having been written for a purpose. In fact, it suggests propaganda, and propaganda with little disguise. But what class is it expected to impress? On trained readers it is not likely to have any effect. Its price prohibits the masses from reading it. Readers from the libraries will note that it is splendidly produced. The photographs are perfect; the type and paper are of the best; but there is no index.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST AFRICA.

Sketches of the East African Campaign. By Captain R. V. Dolbey, R.A.M.C. John Murray. 6s. net.
General Smuts's Campaign in East Africa. By Brig.-General J. H. V. Crowe, C.B. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

A CERTAIN schoolmaster, who had recently read these two works, and whose form of young hopefuls were struggling with 'De Bello Gallico,' is reported to have exclaimed: "I wish to goodness Cæsar had had a Dolbey to supplement him." It was the cry of a weary soul, tired with trying to make the famous Commentaries interesting to twenty "bored little boys." Of course, Cæsar's dispatches are very good of their kind; none better, alike for concise clearness of statement and easy polish of language. But they are not, to put it mildly, dramatic; they do not indulge in pleasant little excursions into the by-ways of picturesque detail. Their main purpose is to describe military operations, and to that purpose, on

the whole, they adhere. But descriptions of military operations, pure and simple, are apt to prove dry to the average lay reader, and Cæsar, for all his excellences, is generally allowed to be rather dull stuff. Yet, what if the celebrated Julius had had an R.A.M.C. centurion, of literary proclivities, with him in Gaul? What if that literary centurion had drawn graphic pen-pictures of his intimate experiences in the barbarian land; of the horrible wounds he had to dress; of the strange food on which he often had to subsist; of the pestilential stench of the dead horses and mules that had fallen, by hundreds, all along the route of march and lay there corrupting with no men to bury them; of the personalities of the captive Gauls with whom he had to do; of the beastliness of the Gallic climate and the adhesiveness of the Gallic mud; of the peculiar virulence of the Gallic wasps, of the almost incredible size and activity of the Gallic fleas, and so on. Well, if such a centurion had recorded such things, all, moreover in the easy, direct manner of the natural storyteller; and if the record were still extant, and could be read side by side with the Commentaries by the Lower Third form, think what an entertaining function the dismal Cæsar lesson would become! A little Julius, to get the general hang of the business, then a little centurion to liven it up with picturesque detail! Here the war-bread, there the jam. The educationally nourishing made palatable. The Cæsar lesson would become a lesson to look forward to. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*. A golden age, indeed, for tired pedagogues and bored little boys.

Let justice, however, be done to General Crowe, whose account of General Smuts's campaign in that extraordinarily difficult country of German East Africa, has much in it that is of interest to the average reader, side by side with its technical value for the student of military affairs. Of all our side-shows in the present war, the East African has presented, perhaps, the greatest difficulties; has made the greatest demands both upon the resource of the Commander and the endurance of the troops. How both proved equal to these demands was a tale well worth telling, and General Crowe has accomplished his task in a clear and workmanlike manner. An hour of Crowe before dinner, with an hour of Dolbey after dinner, is a regimen to be thoroughly recommended.

A VIRGINIAN GHOST.

The Elusive Lady. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). Hirst & Blackett. 6s. 9d. net.

WE were first under the impression that this was a Transatlantic version of 'The Gateless Barrier'; but fundamental differences soon became evident. In both cases the heroine is a fascinating woman many years dead, but there is here little suggestion of reincarnation, and the elusive lady, otherwise Melany Horsemenden, is a less amiable person than her English predecessor. Her motive, though not perfectly clear, would seem to be not so much love for the hero as jealousy of a living Melany, her



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collateral descendant, on whom he has conferred his affections, and who is obnoxious to the spectre as bearing a name which she considers her own exclusive property. The name in question, on which much stress is laid, and which, on the analogy of Cynthy for Cynthia, we take to be Melania, was borne by two famous actresses belonging respectively to the fourth and fifth centuries, and we are unable to discern its special appropriateness to the far from devout Miss Horseman. Her manœuvres, finally thwarted by Melany the second, who burns down the haunted house, are much more agreeable in character than those of the ordinary host. A fragrance of roses, her favourite flowers in the past, announces her unseen presence, and, when she appears, it is as a vision of unearthly beauty; yet in close quarters she is dangerous to life. The old Virginian house with all its fantastic accessories and the garden in its riotous luxuriance of bloom are admirably described. As often in reading American novels, we are struck by the author's feeling for colour. This is, in fact, a charming though scarcely an outstanding story. The picture on the cover intended for the original Melania in spirit form, conveys a rather incongruous effect of austere respectability.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall. By Washington Irving. Illustrations by Lewis Baumer. Constable & Co. 15s. net.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S prose has still its admirers amongst good judges, and we do not dispute its merits. But 'The Squire' is too obviously a copy of Sir Roger de Coverley: we prefer the original. It is well, however, that the young should read of the jolly old days a hundred years ago, the ways of stage-coaches and hospitable inns, when the squire and his family of retainers, and the village, were all on good terms with one another, before trade unions and shop stewards and Whitley Councils and government officials appeared on the scene to stir up civil war between classes. From the historical point of view, such a book as this has a distinct value: and the coloured plates by Mr. Lewis Baumer are really charming.

STRAINING THE "LONG ARM."

The Lady of the Miniature. By Ottwell Binns. Ward Lock. 5s. net.

THIS would be quite a good yarn but for the almost absurd straining of coincidence in it. We are asked to believe just a little too much. The author's plausible way of accounting for the bringing together of all his principals, the confounding of the wicked and the reinstatement of the virtuous would have succeeded but for this. As it is, regarded as a well-constructed story, sensational, as it were, in a quiet way, the book is not a bad one. The people talk like human beings, except now and then, as when one young man is made to say to another, "If the resemblance is so striking, may it not be some defect in the miniature which accounts for the apparent difference of identity?" The best part is the New Guinea adventure.

PILFERING AND PEDAGOGY.

The Diamond Pendant. By Maxwell Gray. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

WE had supposed the unhappy governess as a standard figure in fiction to have been long superseded by the shorthand typist, the munition worker having not yet had time to assume a similar

place. Yet the old convention is once more embodied in Lesbia Wymond, the heroine of this novel, and under a form which tends to bear out Miss Jewsbury's genial remark that no class could be so hated as were governesses without some good reason. Lesbia belongs to that hopeful order of instructresses who, being unfit for any useful employment, took refuge in the work of education, and regarded their teaching as an impertinent interruption to the real business of life. Her employers treat her, on the whole, very well, and through the social opportunities enjoyed under their roof she obtains a most eligible husband. In return, she robs them, an achievement repeated on a larger scale at the expense of her legal relations, who have received her with the utmost kindness. Like her very reverend predecessor, Dean Maitland, she allows the blame to fall upon an innocent person, but makes expiation in the end, though not of her own will. The reforming effect of punishment in her case should inspire us with hopes for the moral future of Germany, for she emerges from prison a pattern emigrant's wife. Lesbia, it will be seen, is not what is called a sympathetic heroine, and the author's gallant attempt to place her in a more favourable light is foredoomed to failure. But the story centring round her is woven with the skill which Miss Tutti-titt's first essay in this kind has led us to expect. An excellent suggestion of mystery from the first attaches to Lesbia, and the details leading up to the crime and its elucidation are ingeniously combined.

GREASE PAINT.

Mummery. By Gilbert Cannan. W. Collins & Co. 6s. net.

WE gather from the Press notices that Sir Henry Butcher is resented as an ill-natured caricature of the late Sir Herbert Tree. We have always thought libels on the dead more innocuous than libels on the living, for they can cause neither injury nor annoyance to the subject. Whether "Sir Henry" and "The Imperium" are good or ill-natured caricatures we don't know or care. We are only concerned with the novel as a work of art: and viewed in that light it is immeasurably below 'Mendel' and 'The Stucco House.' Charles Mann, the irresponsible Bohemian, with the artistic temperament (also, we are told, a real character), is becoming wearisome as a fictional hero. The original was Harold Skimpole, supposed to be Leigh Hunt, and Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. Cannan, and others have gone on reproducing, and generally spoiling, the model. Charles is, of course, a fool with no morals: but he is far worse than that, he is uninteresting. Lord Verschoyle, the fabulously rich ground-landlord, hunted by mothers, and driven to dabble in the theatre, is a thinly disguised skit on a well-known young peer, who outraged Society by marrying a Jewess. Clara, the central figure, the born actress, who allows Sir Henry and Verschoyle to fondle her "without delivering the goods," is not interesting either. And when, having discovered that she is not really married to Charles, she declines upon a shabby scholar, with a profile and without a profession, the climax of disappointment and dulness is reached.

CLEVER WORK.

Tumult. By Gabrielle Vallings. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

THERE is uncommonly little reality in 'Tumult.' It is not exactly "full of sound and fury," being no idiot's tale, but the work of a sufficiently clever novelist. Yet somehow nothing rings quite true. Poldini suggests a rather unkind caricature of a well-known figure in the Futurist movement, but has far less than the original's

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dynamic force. The Great God Pan is played out in fiction. None but his fellow-gods should be allowed to touch him. He is not impressive, but merely silly when we find him stopping the heroine's horse and indulging in pranks of the kind. The author's style is turgid, and she brings in our old friend the "double entendre." One would have thought that "entente" had had some chance of becoming a familiar noun to English writers by this time!

THE MAGAZINES

'The Nineteenth Century' for January does not maintain its usual standard of attractiveness. Its leading political article consists in an examination by Prof. Dicey of the relative merits of Cabinet and Presidential Government, founded on Bagehot and Bryce, but hardly emphasising the way in which the Cabinet and its leader have become an independent force in the Constitution. Sir Herbert Stephen is scornful of the League of Nations. What we fear is the last scientific article by Prince Kropotkin is devoted to a study of Evolution by environment. Mr. Ernest Rhys writes on the work of Charles Coster, and Mr. Lilly finishes his series of papers on Sophocles by a study of the *Electra* and the *Trachiniae*, of righteous vengeance and perfect womanhood. Other articles by Sir Charles Walston, Mr. George Saunders, Mr. Gilmour, and Mr. Lathbury deal with current political topics.

In the 'Fortnightly,' Mr. George Moore continues his amiable sport of baiting Mr. Gosse on the strength of some opinions expressed in the 'History of English Literature.' He prefers Lytton to Disraeli, as to which there may be two judgments, is somewhat unexpectedly a whole-hearted admirer of Borrow, and has some just remarks on the use of the word "master-piece" concerning the Brontë family. Sir Sidney Low, writing 'Currente Calamo,' dots the i's of Mr. Pollen on the Battle of Jutland and calls for a naval court of inquiry. Sir Valentine Chirol shows cause why Constantinople should be restored to Christendom in the interests of Islam and the Turks themselves. Dr. Dillon has an excellent paper on 'The World in Flux' and the difficulties in the way of its reconstruction, and Miss Tuckwell, in 'Equal Pay for Equal Work,' finishes by asking for the State endowment of motherhood as the way of escape from the difficulties of the wage problem. Major-General Maurice shows the similarity of the two great battles on the Marne, and Mr. Handley Page writes on 'Air Transport,' of which subject he is an undoubted master. Mr. Symons's paper on 'The Russian Ballets' is thin. V.H.F. has a fine poem on "A Friendship." Altogether a very good number.

The 'National' has a good article on 'The Freedom of the Seas' from a naval point of view, while Mr. Whibley pictures for us the League of Nations some years ahead under the presidency of Citizen Hohenzollern, with a lurid touch of his own. Mr. Maxse traces the development of the Governmental policy 'Not According to Plan' under the stress of an electoral campaign, and Mr. Stutfield examines the recent workings of Vaticanism as against the State. Two first-rate naval sketches are provided by Rear-Admiral Everett and Lieut. Freeman, while Dr. Collinge calls for an organised destruction of the house-sparrow.

'Blackwood' this month devotes his "musings" to the wrongs of Belgium and the letters of Swinburne. Surely we have heard a great deal too much of the deficiencies of Watts-Dunton. Major-General Callwell is illuminating on the secrets of the War Office and how important matters were held up by the Cabinet Government. Quex is still deeply interesting, though by this time the worst is over. The rest of the number is as good as ever, whether in the description of life as a Turkish prisoner of war or as a land worker.

'Cornhill' opens with an account of what has been doing at the Surgical Branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, written by the Duchess of Albany, who

pleads for a continuance in some regular organisation of its work. Mr. Candler describes the Persian fields, and the Archdeacon of Wolverhampton gives some memories of Sidney Ball—an adequate memory of whom is rather to be desired than to be hoped for. Mr. Bennet Coplestone describes in full 'The Salvage of K13,' a fine piece of work, and the rest of the number is devoted to fiction and biography.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

'Outlines of Social Philosophy,' by J. S. Mackenzie (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.) This is an important contribution to the study of the questions which lie at the foundations of social education, ethics, politics, laws, economics, history and the like. It is not of a partisan character, or rather, a very good attempt has been made to state the problems that arise and the solutions that are proposed without bias. Underlying the whole is a system of arrangement founded on the 'Republic' of Plato, which an analysis is given in an appendix. Dr. Mackenzie gives a justification of the tenth book, showing its relation to its predecessors in a new light. He is even bold enough to suggest name Platocrates for the author of those parts of the Republic which cannot be admitted with certainty to either Socrates or Plato. The book is well worth reading and study.

'Conjectures on Original Composition,' by Edward Young, edited by E. J. Morley (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.) This pamphlet, a letter from the author of the 'Night Thoughts' to the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' marks a definite epoch in English criticism, the breaking away from an exaggerated classicism, and the encouragement of "mental individuality." An editor in her able introduction shows, Young's trend of thought had been anticipated, and led up to by Addison and Shaftesbury, and the whole neo-classic position challenged before him; it is a merit to have summed up their teaching and embodied it in a classic piece of writing, which may be read to-day with interest and pleasure. But Warburton's inimitable criticism still holds good. "The wisest and kindest part of his book is in advising writers to be original and not imitative; that is, to be geniuses rather than blockheads."

'Colour Studies in Paris,' by Arthur Symons (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d. net.) An account of the various developments in literary and artistic life in Paris for the ten or fifteen years before the war would have been of great interest and value as presenting a picture of a state of society which will hardly revive in time, but this book does not offer it to us, nor is the author man to give it. His outlook on Paris is that of the 'Yellow Book,' and he seems to have moved in a very restricted circle. Even of this he tells us nothing new and little that is of interest. The book is illustrated by reproductions of drawings by Rothenstein, Lautrec, and Whistler, and by photographs. The article on Odilon Redon omits the most characteristic part of that artist's work, his delicate and beautiful flower painting.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

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- Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, 1900-1918 (W. Lvon Phelps). Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
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- Charnel Rose, The (Conrad Aiken). The Four Seas Co., Boston. \$1.25 net.
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THE CITY

The coil of restrictions and controls upon commerce and finance is being slowly unwound—much too slowly for business men whose patience has been exhausted by the eccentricities of incapable and over-zealous officials. Nothing has caused more annoyance in the City than the inconsistent decisions of the Treasury Committee on New Issues of Capital. Everybody appreciated the necessity of conserving the financial resources of the public for national purposes, but the Committee has committed the double fault of prohibiting issues which merited support and sanctioning others that were patently objectionable, and it has been unable to distinguish between a cash issue and a transaction by exchange of shares which involved no money payment.

This latter was the chief grievance of Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray, as chairman of the Batavia and General Plantations Trust, whose irritation has been rubbed raw by many experiences of official ineptitude. One illustration he gave was the reply to an inquiry whether a certain Amsterdam shareholder to whom a dividend was due was a person whose name was on the Black List of Foreign Traders. After three weeks' silence the Foreign Office requested the secretary to address that question to the shareholder himself. Mr. Mowbray might add to his repertoire of such incidents the story of the shipload of sand sent from England to Egypt to fill sand bags.

To a certain extent official extravagance and waste are inevitable in war time, though there has been too much evidence of avoidable expenditure and no instance of any responsible official being brought to book for gross blunders such as the Loch Doon folly. The time has now arrived when strict economy in Government Departments should be insisted upon by the Treasury, although during the recent election the leaders of all political parties had many plans for spending money and not a word about saving money. One of the first peace essentials is that Government borrowing should cease at the earliest possible moment.

This was emphasised in the reports of both Lord Cunliffe's and Sir Richard Vassar-Smith's Committees on Finance. A long queue of responsible companies is waiting at the door of the Treasury for sanction to new capital issues of urgent importance and impatience will break all bounds if financial economy is not impressed upon official as well as private persons.

By a curious paradox the only penalty exacted for defiance of the Treasury New Issues Committee's decisions is through the Stock Exchange, which refuses to permit quotation of securities that have not received official benediction. So the Stock Exchange, whose business it is to deal in stocks and shares, acts as policeman in giving effect to the restrictions, necessary and unnecessary, upon its own business. Meanwhile irresponsible share-pushers—promoters of wild-cat schemes and purveyors of worthless paper—are free to prey upon the gullible public.

But the Stock Exchange is not worrying. The last year of the war has been the best from a business view-point, in spite of restrictions, and as long as money continues to circulate a fair measure of activity may be expected. With the Government distributing about £250,000,000 a year in interest on National Debt there will be a substantial sum regularly available for reinvestment, and although new issues will absorb a considerable proportion of the total, the Stock Exchange should receive a good share. This view accounts for the recent sharp advance in the price of nominations of membership of the "House," whose population will be increased this year by the return of demobilised men and the admission of new members, the latter having been conspicuously few since 1914.

LEVINSTEIN, LTD.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of Messrs. Levinstein, Ltd., was held on Monday, December 23rd, Lord Armaghdale presiding.

The Chairman said:—The amalgamation between British Dyes, Limited, and our own company is now practically an accomplished fact.

On November 29th circulars were sent out to the ordinary shareholders, asking them to sign a form of assent and authority to myself and my colleagues, Sir H. D. McGowan, K.B.E., and Dr. Herbert Levinstein agreeing to the proposed exchange of your ordinary shares in Levinstein, Limited, for fully paid shares in the new company to be called the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Limited, and enabling us on your behalf to exercise the transfer as soon as the new company comes into existence.

A similar circular was sent out on the same date to the ordinary shareholders of British Dyes, Limited.

As regards our own preference shareholders, the new company is willing either to buy their holding for cash or to exchange for each £10 preference share ten 7 per cent. non-cumulative £1 preference shares in the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd.

All classes of shareholders in both companies were asked to sign their form of assent and to return to us not later than December 16th.

I am glad to be able to inform you that an overwhelming majority of the holders of ordinary and preference shares in our company and of the ordinary shareholders in British Dyes, Ltd., have returned their assents. Only an insignificant minority have failed to return their forms. I would ask these few shareholders kindly to lose no further time in filling up and returning them to me, as the offer to exchange is still open, but cannot be kept open indefinitely.

It is gratifying to me to know that you have approved of our scheme and that the country will at last have the advantage of presenting a more united front in the great commercial struggle with the German dye industry which is about to begin. Make no mistake about it, the future success of the textile trades of this country depends largely on the successful outcome of this struggle.

Prior to the war the Germans had acquired a control over the textile trades of all countries in the world. It was one of their most potent forms of peaceful penetration, the political importance of which in India, China, Russia, Persia, and the Near East has never received proper recognition.

In our own country the danger of being dependent upon Germany for a supply of dyestuffs is now clear to everybody, but prior to the war this was not the case. This lack of recognition is, in my opinion, chiefly due to the fact that the German plans were not completed. A process was going on in Germany by which in a very short space of time it was proposed to absorb all dangerous rivals in the dye industry, crushing out in the process, if they could, all those who, like ourselves, recognised the German menace and had the courage to stand out against it. The moment that this scheme was completed, and it was very near completion, consumers in this country would have realised their danger and would have been ready to fight against it, but it would have been too late to take effective measures to protect themselves.

The Germans are, we know, specious and plausible while acquiring domination, but entirely arbitrary and unscrupulous when they are in the ascendant.

An independent aniline dye industry is therefore vital to the national security.

From national reasons you will regret as much as I do the great and unnecessary delay which has restricted, to an extent of which the people are not aware, the developments of the industry in this country.

The country in general and the textile trades in particular owe a great debt to the President of the Board of Trade and to the Dyes Commissioner for their initiative in this matter and for the very valuable assistance which they have consistently given to the industry.

It is a matter of regret to me that with the formation of the British Dyestuffs Corporation I propose to sever my active connection with the aniline dye industry. After twenty-three years as chairman of your company I feel entitled to enjoy a little more leisure. I am glad to think that under my chairmanship the company has achieved such a great position both in the industrial and scientific world. Our successors, the British Dyestuffs Corporation, have a most important task before them, in which I heartily hope and believe they will have every success.

Very considerable extensions are necessary before the company

can complete the productive programme which has been mapped out. Adequate funds will no doubt be forthcoming, and I would like to emphasise, as I did last year, and, I believe, in the previous year, that adequate financial support is the one thing essential to our carrying out the desire of the Government in rendering this country independent of German dyestuffs. On the scientific side success is certain.

There is a far greater amount of chemical talent in the country than is generally realised. A great deal of it was never previously enlisted in the public service, but during the war purely academic chemists have rendered considerable service to the State in investigating new substances and devising new processes for offensive and defensive warfare. This has brought many university professors for the first time in touch with manufacturing requirements. Their experience will, I trust, prove of advantage both to pure science and also to our industry, particularly to our industry which is based on science and lives by scientific research.

The old academic tradition that research work which would lead to immediate practical results was beneath the dignity of science is dying out. Nobody desires universities to neglect research on subjects of abstract and purely theoretical interest, but nobody rejoices more than the leaders of our industry at the close feeling of unity which has been established between the leaders of pure science and the leaders in the application of science to industry. Brilliant men who formerly stood apart are now anxious to help, and we who know how to use their assistance welcome them most cordially, and require their aid. I for one will never believe that we in this country, roused at last to battle in the domain of science, will prove unequal to our task.

We stood in the organisation of scientific industries as far behind the Germans as we did in the organisation of great armies. We have succeeded by a great national effort in surpassing the German military achievement. A similar national effort is now required on the part of our scientific industries.

REVIEW OF PAST TWELVE MONTHS.

During the past twelve months, owing to the restrictions imposed upon us by the Government, our Ellesmere Port factory was compelled to go on to short time for over two months, thereby creating for a period a shortage of synthetic indigo in this country from which we have not fully recovered. I am glad to say the factory for some time past has been operating to its fullest extent. Now that the war is over we are looking forward to large developments.

In addition to the manufacture of indigo, great developments have taken place in the manufacture of dyestuffs akin to indigo and a considerable number of such products previously only manufactured in Germany have been put on the market during the last twelve months. They are known to consumers as vat dyestuffs and were previously not manufactured in this country. If any of you is interested in a further description of these dyestuffs I would refer him to a chapter called "Indigo and its Family" in a little pamphlet which we have issued under the title "Four Years' Work."

The company has acquired at Ellesmere Port two options to purchase land, in close proximity to the existing works. The site possesses a two-mile frontage to the Manchester Ship Canal. An unlimited supply of water is available from the underlying sandstone, and the effluent can be disposed of under the Ship Canal into the River Mersey by means of a syphon pipe already in existence.

The land is level, suitable for building, and close to the North Wales coalfields.

In its geographical position and other advantages this land compares favourably not only with the site of any chemical works in the kingdom, but, what is more important, with that of the German aniline dye factories situated on the banks of the Rhine.

As soon as the light railway order authorising us to connect this land with the London and North-Western and Great Western joint system has been completed we propose to exercise the first of the options in question.

Our constructional programme, both at Blackley and Ellesmere Port, has been practically stopped during the past twelve months owing to the impossibility of acquiring priority, and therefore the production of dyes in these factories has not increased to the extent desired. At the same time our range of dyes has been strengthened; and above all a large amount of highly important research work has been carried out, the benefits of which we shall feel as soon as we are able to construct the factories.

It will be known to most of you that the company has taken an important share in the development of the gas warfare during the past twelve months, a branch in which no building restrictions were imposed. I cannot yet enter into details of this work, but you will be glad to know that our record is in some respects unique. We undertook on our own initiative the manufacture of probably the most dangerous product used in the war, the production of which had caused very great difficulties to the Alliedelligerents and a large number of casualties to those who had undertaken its manufacture.

By the close co-operation of our research and manufacturing resources we solved the technical difficulties, erected the plant, and delivered this material by a process which was safe, simple, cheap, and practical. It was not the kind of thing which most people would undertake to make voluntarily.

The results of our investigation and the drawings of our plant were placed freely and without charge at the disposal not only of our own Government, but of all the Governments associated with us in the war.

It will gratify you to know that the information received from us proved of the greatest value, and that in the opinion of competent authorities our deliveries played an important part on the field of battle.

Had the armistice come a few weeks later certain developments in our manufacture of gas would have had time to become effective in France.

The enemy chose for surrender the moment when the gas warfare of the Allies was about to overwhelm him, although he had long start in this particular method of frightfulness.

I call your special attention to this point because gas warfare had become most scientific before the war ended. Our success in beating the German in this branch is significant to those who, like myself, believe that we can also surpass his very considerable achievements in the aniline dye industry.

ACCOUNTS.

I regret to inform you that, as was the case last year, we are unable to present to you our accounts owing to the delay in coming to a settlement with the Inland Revenue with regard to the payment of the excess profits tax. For this reason, too, it is impossible for me, and I greatly regret this, to inform you of the number of shares in the British Dyestuffs Corporation which you will receive in exchange for your present holding in Levinstein, Ltd. I am sure that you will find the accounts, when they can be finally settled, and also the holding which you will have in the British Dyestuffs Corporation entirely satisfactory.

INCREASE IN PRODUCTION.

Our production of dyes in the year ending June 30th, 1918, is 11 times the production of the former year. This increase represents our expansion only very inadequately. The expansion in the production of intermediate products is even more important.

In 1914 we made 1,403,490 lbs. of intermediate products.

In 1918 our production of intermediate products was 5,160,122 lbs., nearly 11 times the production of 1914.

This figure comprises over 150 products.

In 1914 most of the intermediate products we used in our works were made in Germany.

In 1918 we made 7½ times as much dyestuff, and made it from intermediates manufactured entirely by ourselves. This is not all. We could not buy all the nitric acid and oleum required for the manufacture of intermediate products; we had to make them ourselves. In 1918 we made 22,619,363 lbs. of these products of which we made none in 1914.

We have not spent a penny in the erection of plant for the manufacture of substances which we could buy from outside sources. If we have made ourselves independent in the supply of intermediate products it was because there was nobody else in this country who was either able or willing to supply us.

Now let me make a comparison of profits. During the five years immediately preceding the war, years of very bitter competition with the Germans, our average profit amounted to a sum equal to 17 per cent. on our share capital. In those years the Germans supplied most of the aniline dyes used in this country, and our production was limited by the amount which we could sell. The prices we obtained were on the whole less than those obtained by the Germans, because we were always endeavouring to cut in and oust the man in possession.

Our overhead charges for research and for the selling organisation were unduly high in comparison with those of the Germans owing to our small output.

Had we produced in 1914 the quantity of dyes we produced in 1918 our profits would have approached those made, say, by one of the more important German companies. Owing to the reduction in the ratio of overhead charges they could not fail to have been far more than seven times our profits in 1914, always provided that we had sold these quantities at the same prices as the Germans were obtaining in that year.

Although in 1918 our production of dyes has gone up 7½ times and our production of intermediate products is nearly 11 times greater, I estimate that our net profits on dyestuffs will only prove to be 6.15 times our profit for 1914. In making this estimate I am deducting the profit on the intermediate products.

I think it important that you should fully understand the significance of these figures which I have given you.

Prominence has been given in the Press to the high prices of dyestuffs, chiefly those dyestuffs which come into the hands of dealers. The high cost of raw materials is very generally overlooked, and also the effect of the present war taxation, which pressed so heavily on what is practically a new industry in this country.

Had we been able to manufacture and sell in 1914 the same quantity of dyes and intermediate products we now make, our profits would have been far larger than they are to-day.

The annual profits made by the Germans over a long period of years in this country are very much greater than the profits which we have made in 1918, as far as we can estimate them. The German profits were largely invested in their business. The German plants are for the most part intact, and whilst they have been enormously extended for the purpose of making poison gas and other munitions of war, the dye plant which remains is more than sufficient to supply her internal requirements.

We have yet to erect at a high cost a large amount of plant. The German plants were erected at a much lower cost and have already been written off.

It is clear, therefore, that in the meantime we must have assistance from the State, for we must have breathing time in which to complete our factories, organise our staffs, and devote to purposes of peace the energies which have been devoted to the State for the purposes of war.

I hope to have made clear to you that our profits, which have been substantial, are entirely due to the enormous increase in our output. They will prove to be much less than those which consumers so cheerfully enabled the Germans to make for many years before the outbreak of war.

In the case of the new company the Board of Trade has very properly decided that the dividend shall be limited to 8 per cent., and has taken powers to interfere should, in their opinion, prices be too high or should the distribution of its products be unfair. I do not believe that the Board of Trade will ever have cause to exercise these powers, but we very gladly agree to these provisions which make it certain that consumers will never have any reason to regret giving the British Dyestuffs Corporation their whole-hearted support.

MR. CLAUS.

You will have seen by the notice convening this meeting that Mr. Claus has resigned his seat on our Board, and I wish to tell you how much we regret that he is retiring from business, and that we shall no longer have the benefit of his experience and ability at the Clayton Works.

Mr. Claus is leaving the North of England, and I am sure that he will carry with him a warm feeling in his heart for those with whom he has been so long associated in business.

STAFF.

In the strenuous year's work which I have outlined to you we have received the most loyal and whole-hearted co-operation from the staff. Work has been very heavy and the hours long, but all have risen to the occasion in the knowledge that by their efforts they were doing their duty in the great struggle.

Our relations with our workpeople have also been of the happiest, and it is my earnest hope that the new Corporation will be served with the same faithfulness and goodwill as the old firm.

I wish to offer my own personal thanks and those of my colleagues on the Board to the staff and the workpeople for the devoted service which they have given to your business.

The retiring director, Lord Armaghdale, was re-elected. Mr. Edward Patterson, of Ashworth, Mosley, & Co., was re-elected auditor of this Company.

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